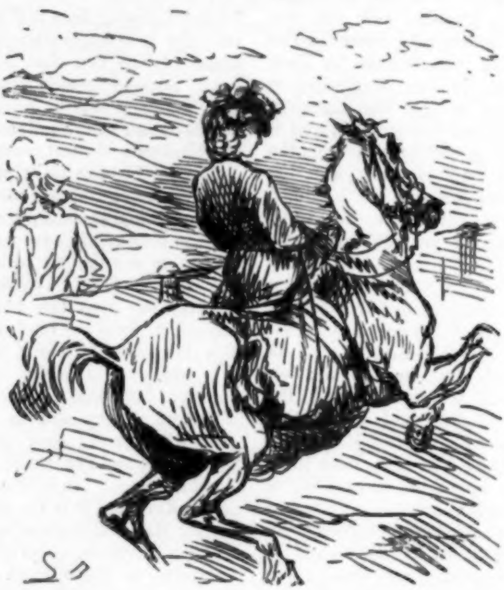
LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1871.

MAY IN THE PARK.



MAY in London is the month of many things, and of pleasant things too. Who says that our metropolis is susceptible of no touch of vernal romance? London is the capital of stucco very likely, and the present may be, as a certain gentleman in a book which he has just written has styled it, 'The Age of Stucco:' but for all that there are streets and thoroughfares, promenades and lounges, in this same London which are by no means void of a certain poetical tinge and of a soothingly picturesque aspect, when seen in the pleasant month of May. There are worse drives in the world than that on a fine May morning up the Bayswater Road, with the blossoming trees in Hyde Park Gardens scenting the air on one hand, and on the other, Hyde Park itself with its leafy margin of very respectable forest growths, its far-stretching

expanse of turf, green and fresh now, soon to be parched and arid—a mere bed of dust in dry weather, mud in wet—its prettily ordered flower-beds which have as yet survived the graceless despotism of Mr. Ayrton, its smart succession of trim vehicles, its pleasing sequences of fair *equestriennes*, fresh as the morning air which tempts them abroad, its daintily groomed steeds, and its bevies of bright children, daintily, and not unseldom fantastically dressed. The outline of the houses in Park Lane, seen in dim perspective in the sunny mist of the morning, forms no bad background, and if you want perfect isolation from the outward world, you can, as a distinguished novelist has informed you, always get it in ten minutes by transplanting yourself to yonder Kensington Gardens, and finding yourself in 'a magnificent sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanon and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia.' May in London: setting aside for the moment the social delights and fashionable pleasures which jocund May brings so richly in her train, does there not rise up to the mental eye of the London lounger a pleasant vision of suburban rambles, with a wealth of foliage above, and an encircling atmosphere around that is rendered odorous by the perfume of the almond blossom and the hawthorn? Can you not lounge through the pathways of Brompton, or make a pilgrimage through the Evangelistic Groves, and find there grateful heralds of the summer in as fresh and as exquisite perfection as in the most eremitic of spots. Sings an agreeable writer of contemporary verse:—

> 'Yet some there are who wonder why
> Domestic duties undone,
> From rural homes our maidens hie
> To summer thus in London.
> To dusty town what madness brings
> Our daughters territorial;
> While Nature charms her richest, flings
> Round pleasaunces manorial.
>
> 'Not less the laughing summer breeze
> Sweeps from the Row called Rotten;
> Not less the murmuring Hyde Park trees
> Their summer garb have gotten,
> Than where o'er woods the skylarks soar,
> Removed from living creature;
> And Nature's beauties are not more
> In trees than human nature.'

In which closing lines it is possible that the true explanation may be found of the fact that seems to have puzzled many people, of the London season being synchronous and conterminous with the plenitude of rural perfection.

May in London is, as we have said, the month of many things—of everything probably that adds bliss to human life, save marriage. People as a rule, we believe, do not marry in May. A cynic might possibly say that the temporary abstention from the celebration of this rite did in reality enhance the pleasant character of the month: but that is a matter which we do not care to discuss. May witnesses at once the commencement and the zenith of the London season. It is the month of the Row, and it is the month of Exeter Hall: of dinners at Richmond or Greenwich, and of serious conclaves in the Strand. Devotion competes with dissipation, flirtation with solemnity. The Rev. J. Abdiel M'Whiney announces his intention of accomplishing the conversion of Caffirs on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and Mr. Quartermaine insinuatingly reminds you that white-bait are now in perfection. Mr. Boanerges Jones—a formidable competitor of Mr. Spurgeon's—inaugurates a new tabernacle, and Lady Tytefytte gives her first crush of the season of 1871. Humanity generally wakes to a new lease of life.

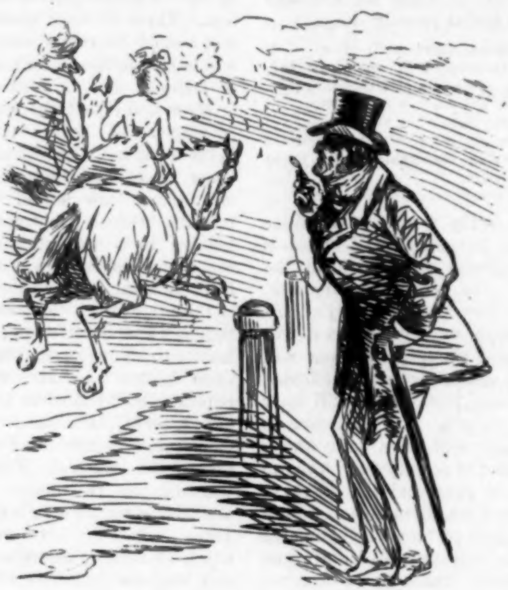
The spring has restored what the winter has taken away, and the heart of man rejoices. Dinners did we say at Richmond—from whose 'graceful terraces the author of "Henrietta Temple" has told us that he 'delights to breathe the refined air:' an excellent and exquisite alterative after a week's tolerably severe duty in drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, in senate, saloon, or club, are those banquets by the river of which Mr. Mortimer Collins has so prettily sung:

'May on the river! verily fill a
Bumper to honour her; who condemns?
Dining at eve in a pleasant villa,
While wit and poetry's rarest gems
Aid the exquisite wines swift sparkle;
And under the oak trees patriarchal
We watch the swans, their young flotilla
Piloting home over sinuous Thames.'

May is the month of all these things: but May in London is pre-eminently the month of the Park. The tide of existence in Rotten Row and the Lady's Mile is at high water mark: a month later, and though the scene will still be one of activity, liveliness, and bustle, the waters will have begun to ebb. The freshness of the thing will have past away: the bloom of novelty and its charm will have gone, and the season of 1871 will not witness their return. Faces that are now bright as the summer morning will have begun to exhibit traces of weariness: eyes, that are dangerously luminous, will have lost something of their sparkle: madame will try a little more rouge, and the mademoiselle who counts her first season will complete her initiation into the mysteries of *perle de blanc*. The month of May is the month of freshness and hope, and you can see both of these reflected to the full within the precincts of Hyde Park. The place rewards study. It has been written of, sung of, been satirized and eulogized some thousands of times. What has been will be: the characters of a decade since are no doubt visible again in Hyde Park to-day. But in the midst of all this monotony there is still novelty. Are you a moderately early riser? You may find enough to occupy your thoughts in the course of an ante-prandial stroll down Rotten Row. For ourselves we have a decided *penchant* for the equestrian promenade before breakfast. Three or four hours hence sole and exclusive possession of it will be held by the gilded butterflies of fashion: now, it furnishes recreation and enjoyment for a large contingent of those whom Dr. Wynter styles 'Our Social Bees.' Some are on horseback, others on foot: some are seated on the benches beneath the trees, others indulge in a vein of matutinal contemplation as they watch the feats of their dogs in the waters of the Serpentine. The aspect of the Park at this early and most unfashionable hour of the day is too little known. Clinker, who occupies a clerkly stool in the great city house of Cash, Bullion & Company, takes his celebrated retriever for a run through Kensington Gardens, and a plunge in the artificial stream which laves Hyde Park. Smith, his colleague, cherishes aquatic aspirations: and you may see him now emulating in no discreditable manner the feats of a Chitty, or a Cassa Major. There, too, is Barclay, junior, a civil service clerk, to whom life without athletics would be little better than a lethargy. In Barclay's office, it is generally whispered, that he is privately training for the three miles walking-match. Well, we wish him a success worthy of his great namesake.

It is, we repeat, a pleasant and a healthy sight, and a great

ground of congratulation for those who are 'in populous city pent' that they should have these grateful grounds of exercise so close at hand. As you continue your stroll you see young ladies with obvious music-rolls beneath their arms perambulating the avenues or seated in the shade. Who are these? We promise you there is more than one of them who deserves the title of a veritable heroine. The young ladies in question are governesses, and they are receiving a stock of fresh air to enable them to go through the duties of the day by taking a stroll betimes through Hyde Park. Occasionally perhaps a cad—our readers must excuse the word, there is none other which is applicable—intrudes upon them with



his senseless stare. But these young ladies can snub the cad, and are perfectly well able to take care of themselves. They are working hard, as they do—how hard few people know—for the sake of dear ones at home, a father, it may be, or a mother, or a helpless group of brothers and sisters. There are heroines, and noble ones, in Hyde Park this morning. The struggle for life, the fight for existence,—you are reminded of it at every turn by the wayfarers whom you meet in the course of this early ramble. You can see men evidently preoccupied with gloomy and harassing thoughts, pale, careworn, and dejected, strolling in an absent manner up and down, and clearly wondering within their own hearts how the difficulties of the day are to be got through. They have come here for the sake

of that most blessed boon vouchsafed by God alike to all his creatures—fresh air. The breeze that sweeps through Hyde Park this glad May morning is no respecter of persons. It invigorates the heart of the anxious and the sorrowing, as well as enlivens the spirits of those who know no anxiety save that to increase the measure of their present success. It comes equally and with equal gratefulness to the homeless wanderer and to yonder sleek and prosperous equestrians, who are refreshing themselves with a morning ride preparatory to a comfortable breakfast and a day's business.

It is no unwelcome sight to watch these flourishing citizens as they take their matutinal canter. There is our friend Multiple, a member of that omnipotent class who have business, and business of an uncommonly successful and lucrative description, in the City. Multiple lives close by in Hyde Park Gardens. He is a great believer in fresh air is Multiple, and he certainly looks as if he profited by his creed; for Mr. Multiple is a fresh, ruddy man. He always rides his hundred-guinea hack in the Row before breakfast, 'just to lay in a stock of fresh air, you know.' An hour hence and he will be engaged in taking a reasonably early and remarkably substantial breakfast. He believes also in breakfasts, does Multiple. It is always a pleasant sight to witness a prosperous man of business enjoying his meal. At dinner how exacting he is in the matter of soup, and how curious as regards his fish. He sits down a trifle overworn, but the soup and the salmon do him a marvel of good: his brain rallies beneath the influence of a few glasses of dry sherry, and by the time that he sips his first glass of hock he feels completely the master of the situation. Multiple yonder is great at dinner, and he is great also at breakfast. At this present moment he is not, though you may note a meditative look upon his countenance, bestowing the vestige of a thought upon the state of the financial markets of Europe: he is wondering whether his new cook will be able to do his cutlets as he likes, and whether she thoroughly understands the receipt for that sauce. Multiple is not a gourmand, but he likes a good dinner and a good breakfast, and we are not prepared to say that Multiple is wrong.

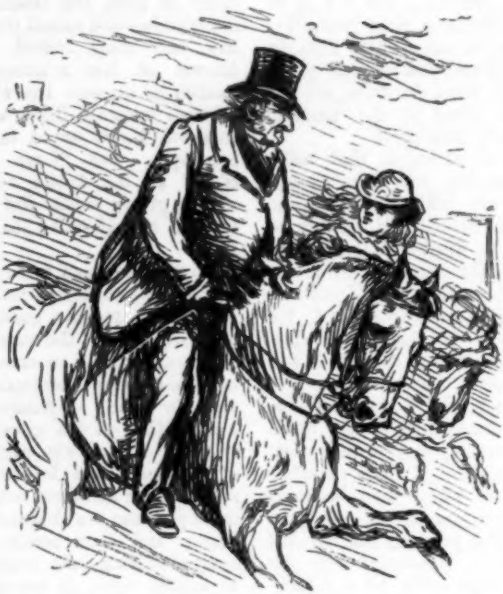
Hyde Park still, a little later in the day, say 11·30 A.M.; the exact place Rotten Row, as before. As we have already hinted, one of the main recommendations of this period of the year is that the pace has not yet begun to tell upon the *habitués* of the lounge. A month hence and the tale that is told by the countenances of those fair equestriennes will be altered—tales of failure and disappointment instead of those of bright hope and golden anticipation. As yet, however, the pace has not commenced to make itself felt, and there is a pleasant air of freshness visible upon the faces of those who crowd the Row this morning. Whom shall we look at first? Shall it be the riders on horseback or the saunterers on foot? the fair ones who toy daintily with the flowing manes of their steeds, or the gilded youths who affectionately play with the knightly growth of their upper lip. Marvellously and terribly omniscient these same youth are. They can tell far more of scandal and anecdote touching each member of the equestrian group that passes by than you will be able to carry away with you. If you want to know why Miss Blank jilted Mr. Dash, why those Australian par-

venus the Blewitts so suddenly went abroad, why Lady Asterisk has not been seen this year, why Mr. and Mrs. Colon have agreed to differ—in fine, if you want to gain a perfect familiarity with all the mysteries, enigmas, and secrets in which modern society abounds, you have only to listen to the casual gossip of these critics at the rails. We hope we shall not be considered to exceed our proper province if we venture to interpose one word of modified disparagement as regards this species of evanescent talk. Young guardsmen—and of these the *jeunesse dorée* at whom we are now gazing are composed—have their social uses, and in ornamenting the Rotten Row railings with their dainty presence they are fulfilling what is a perfectly proper duty; so to a certain extent are they in passing their social criticism on the mounted loungers of the Row itself. But there is a limit to this criticism; and when it touches upon the relations of certain married couples in the world of London society, it begins to be extremely objectionable, and may be even libellous. Because it is libellous, and because to the libel that is spoken there attaches none of the responsibility, which is but another word for punishability, that is inseparable from the libel that is written, it is cowardly. Those who are acquainted with the tone of our young men's prattle will understand our meaning and recognise the justice of the remark. That prattle, noble sirs and gallant carpet warriors, you may think innocent enough, but every syllable of it is envenomed with a mischievous potential poison.

But let us change the subject and look at other sights. There are the Miss Vernons—up for their first season. It is a work of novelty to them and of fascination. Languid exquisites turn lazily round and criticise, through the azure fumes of unimpeachable regalias, those fair sunny faces and the lithe lissom figures. 'Don't know them,' says critic No. 1. 'Something fresh I rather fancy,' says critic No. 2. 'Fresh and attractive too I think,' says No. 3. 'Let us ask Dick Uppinall; he knows everything:' and so on. Contrast with the Misses Vernon, who we stake our reputation as social prophets upon it, are destined to make a very decided hit this season, Miss Semperton—Laura, she is known as by a tolerably extensive male acquaintance. There she comes, with a very knowing hat, and in a very fast riding habit. 'Laura has a new horse this season, and an uncommon neat one too,' observes a youth, as he bows to the lady. 'I like Laura,' he continues to our friend: 'can't make out why she does not go off.' To you remarks a friend, who also bows to Miss Semperton, and who is something both of misogynist and misogamist, 'This is the sort of woman we marry.' But Miss Semperton apparently is the sort of woman men will not marry; and yet Laura is eminently a young lady of the period. Men, we venture to say, don't like as a permanence a woman whose conversation is a cross between that of the smoking-room and the stable, who deals in dubious riddles, who thinks she is witty when she is only rude, and amusing when she is simply impertinent. It may be all very well, argue the lords of creation, now and again at a dull ball after a dull supper, but it scarcely represents the gifts and accomplishments of which one would like to find the partner of one's existence in possession.

We will let the cavaliers sweep

by. Ah, that is pretty you say, and so it is—the little lad with his bonny, flowing locks, cantering on his sheltie by the side of grandpapa, whose powerful cob trots in the sedatest manner possible. He has been a distinguished rider in his day and 'an eminent whip.' The shires have known him well; and he has borne in his time the proud reputation of being the best timber jumper in England. Even now in the season he hunts occasionally but not regularly, and next to his little grandson he still takes more pleasure in equine, than any other form of existence. He has kept a racing stud; but he has abandoned the turf now. 'It is not fit for a gentleman,' remarks hale and steady Sir Percival Bagborough; 'the atmosphere of it is infested by touts, tipsters, and blackguards.'



'Gently Harry,' says Sir Percival to his grandson. 'Sit a little bit straighter and keep your bridle-hand lower. That's right, my man:' and so the pair, a pleasant one to look at, vanish out of sight.

'A medley show, a motley group,' in truth, but one to which with its infinitely various constituents, its elders and youngers, dandies and bucks, peers and commoners, daughters of great houses and daughters whose simple parentage is more or less of a genealogical mystery, its critics and its criticized, the loungers on horseback and the flâneurs on foot, its gorgeously-dressed women and its curiously-attired children, its pugs and its poodles, its great characters and its small, we both

now wish good morning. You might have stayed in Rotten Row for two hours more without having noticed any perceptible thinning of the crowd. A late luncheon, a siesta, and the Park again—that is the programme of three-fourths of the well-dressed children of fashion from whom we have just parted company in the Row. If, after you have discussed your afternoon glass of sherry and biscuit—assuming you not to be a large luncheon eater yourself—you like to enter Hyde Park by Apsley House, and keeping on the left stroll down the drive, you will see the crowd of the morning elaborately multiplied.

It is an afternoon that ladies call heavenly, and some young men would indicate as clipping. In other words it is weather as fine as an English May can give us. In 'this our misty clime' we naturally make much of such atmospheric attractions, and the consequence is that the Ladies' Mile swarms with life. It is well to be careful how you walk across from the Apsley House corner to the commencement of the drive. It is tolerably easy to steer clear of the vehicles of more considerable size which bowl solemnly along: but you can never be quite certain that you may not the next moment be threatened with imminent destruction by a detachment of light cavalry equestrians who scour the ride, or by a uhlan-like mail phaeton which dashes with the speed of lightning athwart the thoroughfare. To-day there is a fine show of four-in-hands; and there is our friend little Percy de Flip standing in mute and admiring gaze as those imposing coaches roll onwards. Ah, Percy, what would you not give for a nod of recognition from that noble phaeton in whose company you have taken such good care to inform every one with whom you are on speaking terms that you once dined. There, in an open barouche, the picture of vulgar comfort, clad in every colour of the rainbow, careers Mrs. Porpoise Pottle—Mrs. Porpoise Dives that was. But Dives died, and when his disconsolate widow had sufficiently mourned her bereavement, she listened to the amorous accents of Pottle—an old flame of hers, she informed all her friends—and named the happy day, very much indeed to the disgust of her relations, who toadied *ad nauseam* the widow of the late lamented Dives, and who regarded Pottle as an impudent interloper. But 'Love is lord of all,' as Mr. Pottle remarked with a greasy smile, and so she suffered herself to be led to the altar.

No mistake about that equipage yonder: the ponderous roll of the wheels, the massive quadrupeds, the heavy swings, the magnificent coachman with his enormous dewlaps and great development of calf, the brace of flunkies, who keep sentinel on the splash-board in the rear, and who cast a look of contempt that is stony and sublime over the world below; all these proclaim the dowager's carriage; and that portly, good-natured-looking lady inside, clad in sombre robes, is the dowager herself, and the pretty slender girl opposite is her niece. Lady Hyphen is the widow of the distinguished baronet and banker—herself the descendant of a long series of ancestorial magnificoes. Her ladyship is one of the best-hearted and clearest-headed women in the world. She has a queenly portion; but it is not devoted to herself. Her ambition is to do good in her generation, and it is an ambition which is achieved.

This is really a very neat turn

out you reflect with yourself, the while a little carriage of exquisite manufacture, drawn by two steeds of perfect though diminutive proportions, drives past. 'Ah, it's— you say, and there rises to your lips a name with which photographers have fairly familiarized the world.

'My dear sir,' whispers the faithful monitor at your side, 'it's nothing of the sort. It is Mrs. Golightly: Kate Linkerville she was, and married Golightly in the city.'

You are covered with confusion, and attempt an awkward apology. Your friend stops you: 'No need to apologize. Mrs. G. will think it the highest compliment you could pay her. She prides herself on the accuracy of the imitation.'

As the afternoon advances the crowd in the Park increases. Business hours are over and the multitude is reinforced by a large contingent from the city. The city swell with his amplitude of velvet and wealth of shirt collar, his military swagger, and his omniscient air, musters in great force. Other city ex-swells, in their bachelor days the pride of Lombard Street and the cynosures of the Stock Exchange, who are now quiet steady-going married men, may be seen just stepping into their carriage, which, with hot blooming mother and the fair daughters, has been waiting to take them up at Hyde Park corner. To others their carriage days have not yet arrived, and they are content with a stroll on foot and the companionship of a wonderfully dressed wife. A curiously miscellaneous assemblage certainly, you remark to yourself. This heterogeneous crowd of men and women, young and old, lords and ladies, paint and feathers, silks and enamel, spotless wives, frisky matrons, soiled doves, people of the period, exquisites, cynics, social sceptics and social enthusiasts, men whose domestic happiness is perfect and men who know it not or who have once had it and have lost it: this monstrous moving mass of bedressed and bescented humanity with its myriads of concealed passions, ambitions, loves and hates—it defies analysis.

MY LOVE!

A Song of Spring.

BRING me a lily crown! My love is fair!
No bloom less pure upon her brow must rest.
Twine wreaths of May and apple for her hair;
Pluck roses red to rest on her white breast.
Pelt her with golden cowslips when she sweeps
Through meadows daisy-starred, for at her feet
The blue-bell hangs its gentle head and weeps.
My Love is sweet!

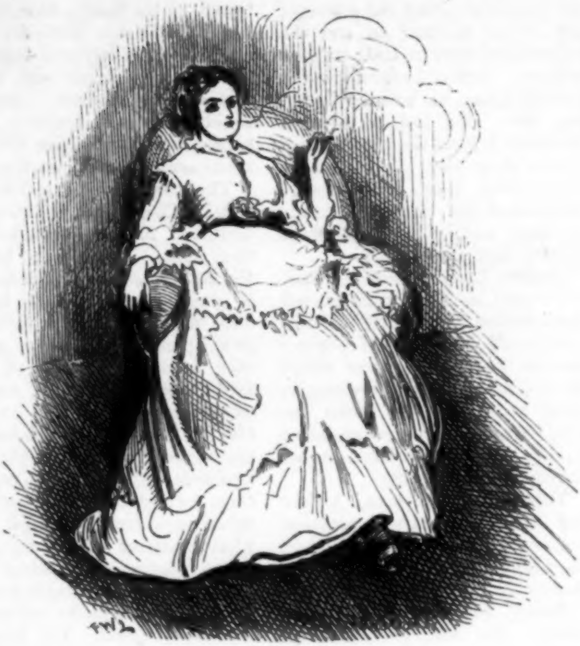
Come to me Spring my love! the days are long;
Mourning is over since white winter's death:
The morning-carol, and the even-song
Of lark and nightingale—the honeyed breath
Of myriad flowers—the soft scent of hay
Toss'd in the meadows, and the sky's true blue,
Tell me that Spring has come and points the way.
My Love, to you!

Kiss me with kisses sweeter than the hay
Or milk-white lilies in the valley grown.
Your touch is tender, and your mouth is May,
Your voice dream-music, and your heart mine own.
Woo me to sleep with woodland melodies,
With breezes sighing through leaf wilderness.
My heart is sick, and hungers for your eyes
And your caress!

Tell me my Spring! my love, how long 'twill last!
Say will your smile all sunshine melt with May!
Life is so sorrowful when love is past;
And love when warmest whispers its decay.
Nothing is sweeter than the kiss you blow,
No sound more welcome than your fairy feet,
And, as you wander, tears of tender snow
Surround you sweet!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.



CHAPTER X.

THE LYDIARDS.

MR. ARTHUR LYDIARD had purchased a very comfortable country house at Chessington, and had set up a satisfactory establishment. There was no need for him to spare any expense, and he spared none. Among the resident country families there was scarcely one whose general style of living was so good. He kept plenty of servants, male and female; he had several carriages of various types; he deemed it of course his duty as a country gentleman to hunt, and there were six hunters in his stables. Unhappily, from lack of early training, he could not ride, and he did not know a good horse from a bad one. He was a very presentable old gentleman when you saw him on his feet, gray whiskers and gold-brimmed spectacles giving him an air of dignity: but when the hounds met, and he was seen pounding along the high road (he was too wise to take a fence) on a roan screw with gray mane and tail, which he sat like a sack of wheat, the irreverent young farmers were much in the

habit of laughing at him. But he hunted perseveringly three times a week through the season; and on off days he drove his wife and daughters about the country; and in the summer he and the ladies spent most of their time on croquet. Arthur Lydiard was not a reading man, or indeed a thinking man. He had no idea of literature beyond the 'Times,' nor a very clear idea of all that he found even there. He always breakfasted late, except on hunting days; and he invariably went to sleep soon after dinner.

Of Mrs. Lydiard there is little to be said; she was a kind-hearted characterless lady, never in very good health, with a great admiration for her two daughters, whom she had an odd way of praising to other people, in very much the style of a shopman recommending goods. But it was done in all simplicity and sincerity.

There were two sons, Arthur and Frank, respectively nineteen and nine: the elder at Cambridge, the younger at Shrewsbury. And there were three daughters.

Fanny was the eldest of the family. She was about twenty-eight, I guess. She was small, quick, ready of speech, with a full belief in herself. I am told that all girls think themselves pretty: Fanny Lydiard, however, *wasn't* pretty, whatever she might think. She gave people the idea of a young lady who was quite capable of taking care of herself, in any circumstances. Indeed, she was quite the ruling spirit of the household, Mrs. Lydiard being an invalid; she was her father's favourite companion and adviser, and knew rather more about horses than he did; and she was a very sprightly converser.

Aurora Lydiard was about twenty-two, large, languid, and lazy. A hot day in summer made her too indolent to move; and frosty days in winter kept her in her arm-chair by a great wood fire with a novel. She was the beauty of the family, though most men thought her decidedly plain. She was remarkably good-tempered, whereas Miss Fanny was, I fear, just a little vixenish. But you could not upset Aurora's equanimity except by making her move about against her inclination.

These two young ladies were noted in Chessington and its neighbourhood for the splendour of their dress. They had no taste in the matter, and arrayed themselves in gorgeous and barbaric hues—hats of crimson velvet with pea-green plumes, jackets of purple over dresses the colour of mustard, which, looped up, revealed swelling petticoats of emerald blue. Unaccustomed wanderers in the vicinage, beholding the Miss Lydiards in the distance, mistook them for meteoric phenomena. It would have done them good to see what charming effects an Andalusian beauty can produce with black and white, the sable costume brightened with snowy lace around the snowy throat. The Miss Lydiards dressed their little sister, Genevieve, in the same splendour. She was about twelve, but very small for her age, and the philosophic observer wondered how the tiny thing felt amid all that finery, ribbons and laces, flounces and furbelows, petticoats projecting so stifly that the little frilled legs looked as if they could hardly carry them.

Mr. Lydiard, as I have intimated, had reckoned upon being received into the ranks of the county people. Need I say that he was disappointed? He never could understand how it was, but everybody knew he was a retired surgeon. A bird of the air had carried the matter. It was talked

of at the Marden Arms before he was a week in the place. Having been a surgeon, however, might not have disqualified him, if he had possessed any positive recommendation. But he did not know a good horse, he could not ride, and his daughters were not pretty or good style. There was no sufficient reason for his admission to the charmed circle he desired to enter. So, to his great mortification, nobody called upon him except the parson of the parish.

Now the parson himself belonged to a county family, being in fact a Marden, and cousin of the present Lord Chessington. Mr. Everard Mordaunt Marden was about thirty, and a bachelor. He was an easy-going theologian, not undevout or careless about his duties, but with a mind scarcely yet awake to their nature and importance. Mentally as well as bodily he was a loose-grown man, who had not yet 'pulled himself together.' Of course he called on the Lydiards, and dined with them when invited, and came away much perplexed by the magnificence of the young ladies, who were quite a new species to him. But he was their sole acquaintance.

People bowed to them, of course. The young ladies had gone in at first for Sunday-school teaching, and had thus made the acquaintance of Miss Maunder, an elderly spinster, who ruled the parish and played the organ, and was the dread of all the Chessington children. Miss Maunder's father, Colonel Maunder, was a fine old gentleman, reputed to be the worst magistrate and best judge of port in the county. He did not call on the Lydiards, and when Fanny and Aurora discovered that all they took by knowing Miss Maunder was having to obey her orders as to the distribution of tracts and soup, and visiting old women, they suddenly relapsed, and left her to manage the parish alone.

Captain Lepel, who had the best horses, the prettiest wife, and the heaviest debts of any man in the neighbourhood, used to drive his dashing mail phaeton past Mr. Lydiard's slower equipage, and stare at its occupants through his eyeglass, as if he wondered at their impertinence in appearing on the Queen's highway. The lovely Mrs. Lepel did not even notice their existence. In fact, the Lydiards found that they knew nobody in Chessington, and were never likely to know anybody, and very angry it made them. When old Mr. Lydiard, just at the commencement of the hunting season, got a note to the effect that his nephew would come down for a fortnight, and bring a couple of hunters that could be stabled at the Marden Arms, the whole family rejoiced exceedingly. They would be able to show these county exclusives that they were not without good connections, after all.

Launcelot arrived in Chessington late one evening, and, unwilling to disturb his relations, found a bed at the Marden Arms. He had brought only a travelling bag, leaving his luggage to follow with his servants and horses. And early the next morning, long before his worthy uncle had opened his eyes, Launcelot strolled out to renew his acquaintance with the cottage of the photograph.

It was unoccupied. 'To Let' stared him in the face on a board over the gateway. He entered the desolated garden. Sheep were feeding on the lawns and spoiling the shrubs and flower-plots. The house seemed soulless: he thought of the time when Ianthe and her twin-sister gave it a living grace. He found out that the place belonged to a farmer close by, and astonished the landlord by asking

him what he would sell it for. No men are so ready to buy and sell as small farmers: they will part with a favourite horse or bull at a moment's notice, just for the sake of receiving money. Luckily the law won't let them sell their wives and children. The farmer named a price; Launcelot, who might have got it for a hundred pounds less if he had known the chaffering custom of the country, closed at once, and made an appointment with him for two days later at the Marden Arms to receive the necessary documents and pay the money.

'Meanwhile,' he said, 'clear out those sheep, and send some men to put the gardens in perfect order: I'll pay for everything.'

This homage my hero paid to sentiment, without thinking of what his relations would say when they heard of his freak. They could not conjecture its connection with the former inhabitants of the cottage, so he felt pretty safe. The impetuous young gentleman had done all this business before ten o'clock, and was sitting comfortably at breakfast at his uncle's before the astonished farmer had found his way to the Marden Arms to gossip over the event. Small occurrences are important in a village like Chessington: the bar of the little inn was all that morning occupied by a bucolic conclave delighting in gossip and gin and water and fourpenny ale, and making all sorts of unimaginative guesses as to who the gentleman could be 'as had took a fancy to the place.' The interest became intense at the arrival of the gentleman's hunters, a chestnut and a grey, three parts blood, up to sixteen stone—for our hero rode heavy. He had given a thousand guineas for the pair at Tattersall's, and everybody turned out to look at them as Larcom and a groom led them up to the door. Captain Lepel happened to be riding by at the time of this arrival—he was mounted on a fast pony and was smoking a short pipe—and, pulling up, he exclaimed to the landlord of the Marden Arms,

'Hallo, Granby, whose horses are those?'

'Mr. Lydiard's, sir,' was the reply.

'Mr. Lydiard be hanged!' exclaimed the captain, riding round to the front of the inn. 'Why, he never had pluck enough to buy such hunters as those.'

'It ain't that genelman,' explained mine host, 'as you knows; it's another Mr. Lydiard—a youngish genelman.'

'A devilish good judge whoever he is,' said Lepel to himself as he rode away. 'Didn't think that blessed old ass could have any relations who knew a horse from a four-post bedstead. Wonder who the fellow is: those two horses cost him something, I'll swear.'

Captain Lepel felt somewhat aggrieved that anybody in his neighbourhood should possess such undeniable horseflesh. He was emphatically a horsy man. A glance at those thin, nervous, concave legs of his showed that he was intended to exist in the saddle. He *had* some other human accomplishments; for example, he could drive tolerably, and he could smoke to any extent; but, by Jove! couldn't he ride! There wasn't a light weight in the county that could keep alongside Lepel.

Why should my hero's horses take precedence of my hero? Positively it is rather too bad. When Launcelot walked up to his uncle's front door at about ten o'clock he was wholly unexpected. Hearing his name, the footman showed him into the breakfast-room, a spacious yet comfortable apartment, where a fine fire of mingled wood and

coal was glowing pleasantly, and where the table was ready for the matutine meal. It had two occupants—little Genevieve Lydiard and a large Newfoundland. Launcelot, who had a thorough liking for big dogs and little girls, soon made acquaintance with both, and they were a very merry trio, when his uncle Arthur entered. The old gentleman had not seen his nephew for nearly twenty years, and was rather astonished at his stalwart proportions. Very hearty was his welcome.

'The girls will be down presently,' he said. 'They're afraid of their bath this cold weather.'

It was a white frost, just beginning to soften under warm sunshine. On the shady side of the lawn there was still a crisp crystal whiteness beautifying branch and sward. The air was nipping and eager, doubtless, to young ladies just emerging from their soft white nests: to Launcelot, who had been moving about for some hours, and whose impetuous imagination was in full activity, the morning seemed warm. Down came Fanny and Aurora by-and-by in morning dresses which (though they refused to believe it) suited them far better than their superb array of later hours. The two Miss Lydiards were not pretty, nor were they in the first sweet blush of girlhood; but even they were pleasanter to look upon in simple attire than in the magnificence which they preferred. I agree with the lyrist who sang—

'Loving thoughts pursue you,
And your lips are kissable,
And you're not ungainly,
(As of course you guess),
Wherefore let me woo you,
Dainty little Isabel,
White-straw-hatted plainly,
In a light print dress.'

These two cousins of Launcelot's pleased him better that morning than ever again.

The breakfast was well suited to the weather. In novels and poetry it is a great mistake to talk about eating and drinking, though a good deal of human life turns upon these two operations; but I hereby warn my readers that I have an artistic object on the present occasion. The mighty game-pie, in whose recesses were interred hares, leverets, pheasants, partridges, grouse, woodcock, snipes —not to mention

'Κίττα, τρυγὼν, κορυδὸς, ἐλεᾶς, ὑποθυμὶς, περιστερὰ,
νέρτος, ἱέραξ, φάττα, κόκκυξ, ἐρυθρόπους, κεβλήπυρις,
πορφυρὶς, κερχνης, κολυμβὶς, ἀμπελὶς, φήνη, δρύοψ—

had a fine effect upon Launcelot; nor did he fail to appreciate certain kidneys *aux fines herbes*, certain devilled drumsticks of turkey, which proved the capacity of his uncle Arthur's cook. So, indeed, did the quality of the coffee—than which there exists no surer test of the amount of comfort to be expected at any house where you chance to be staying. If Mr. Arthur Lydiard and his daughters had no other excellences worth mention, they at any rate knew what good living meant—and practised it.

'Well,' said the old gentleman to his nephew, as the business of breakfast grew slack, 'I am uncommonly glad to see you here. Your horses are come down, you say? You must stay as long as you can. There's good hunting here, and good shooting too.'

'You shoot, of course?' said Miss Fanny Lydiard to her cousin.

'Well,' he replied, 'yes, I *shoot*. But I seldom hit anything; I didn't begin young enough. If a cock-pheasant gets up under your nose, it's easier to knock him down than to shoot him. But I *have* hit a snipe, before now.'

The young ladies tittered.

'There are some snipe down at

the Marsh Pool now, I'm told,' said Mr. Lydiard. 'Have you brought your gun? We'll stroll down, after breakfast.'

'But you hunt,' said Miss Fanny, 'though you didn't begin young enough.'

'Why, there's a difference,' responded Launcelot. 'If you don't begin early to try to hit birds, you're not likely to get your eye in. A gun is a mere machine, and don't help you. A horse is an intellectual creature, and makes allowance for your stupidity, and always does his best for a rider who has got any pluck.'

'Squire Pagn meets at the Marden Arms to-morrow,' said little Genevieve.

'So he does,' replied Mr. Lydiard. 'And if he draws Chessington Gorse, there's an old dog-fox that generally gives us a good run.'

'What sort of country?' asked Launcelot.

'Large fields, lanes with high hedges and steep banks, and a good many ditches. If he makes across to Lord Avonmore's, there are a lot of very awkward places.'

'Do you go out?' said Launcelot to his cousin Fanny, who was the presiding genius of the breakfast-table, and in whose vicinity he sat.

'Papa is afraid to let us,' she replied. 'I should very much like to. But he is dreadfully nervous about us.'

'My uncle is quite right to take care of two such charming young ladies,' said Launcelot, 'but hunting is really not at all a dangerous pursuit. A thoroughbred horse always takes particular care of a lady.'

'Dear me, how nice!' said Miss Aurora.

'You'll go out to-morrow, I suppose,' said Miss Lydiard.

'Most assuredly. And I hope, if I come back with a broken collar-bone, you'll nurse me.'

'That we certainly will,' said Fanny, rising. 'And now, papa, if you're going snipe shooting, we'll go with you.'

'Very well,' said the old gentleman. 'But you must give me half an hour, for I've some letters to answer. You can show Launcelot the smoking-room.'

'Come along,' said Miss Lydiard. 'Come, Aurora.'

And she led the way through a corridor to a very snug octagonal room, with a fine fire on one side and a couple of windows in two other sides, the remainder being filled up with paintings of game on panel. Fitted with ottomans and divans and sofas of crimson velvet, it was just the place for midnight weeds. For smoking in the morning, I prefer terrace or garden-walk—anywhere *al fresco*. However, Launcelot Lydiard, being inducted hither by his two fair cousins, could not well refuse to smoke, especially when Fanny handed him a box of superb cigars from the odorous acres of La Veuve Partagas.

He sank back in as easy a chair as the genius of upholstery could contrive, and smoked luxuriously. The languid Aurora sat in a chair of similar build on the opposite side of the fire; and, rather to Launcelot's astonishment, Fanny deftly made a cigarette, which she handed to her sister, and which her sister immediately began to smoke. Miss Lydiard herself, before following suit, said to Launcelot, 'I hope you are not shocked?'

'Not in the least,' he replied. 'Do you really like it? I should think it must be very soothing to the restlessness which is the worst of feminine faults. Pray go on.'

Miss Lydiard had not waited

for his permission. Puffing a cloud of Latakia smoke, she said—

'I don't quite know why men should monopolize all the practices which, though not precisely vicious, are sufficiently like vices to be pleasant.'

'Ah,' said Launcelot, 'you ought to live in the planet Mars.'

'Why?' said both sisters at once.

CHAPTER XI.

FOUND!

That question about the planet Mars remained for the time unanswered, as Mr. Arthur Lydiard entered the room to announce that he had finished his letters, and was ready to go and look for snipe. So away flew the young ladies to array themselves in the magnificent attire which they loved. Before they were dressed, Larcom had reported himself to his master, and been sent to fetch his breechloader. And at about noon the party of four found themselves at the Marsh Pool, where, however, no snipe were found. Perchance the ladies' petticoats frightened them.

'You see,' said Launcelot, many hours later, when they had dined luxuriously, and were taking tea from Fanny Lydiard's fair hands, 'you see that the planet Mars is a different colour from all other stars that shine frostily in the sky. Well, the chemists have invented what they call spectrum analysis—a process by which they find out what a thing is from the light which it gives out. This being applied to the planet Mars, they discovered that its atmosphere contains some chemical substance entirely unknown upon earth. It isn't made, like the air we commonplace mortals breathe, of oxygen and nitrogen.'

'Black oxide of manganese,' interrupted Mr. Lydiard the elder, to whose half-asleep perceptive faculties his nephew's discourse brought faint reminiscence of his elementary chemical lessons.

'Well, but what does all this mean?' asked Miss Fanny. 'Suppose there *is* something new in the air of Mars; what then?'

'Why, don't you see? we are all dependent on the atmosphere that surrounds us as to what we feel, what we enjoy. If you could put a man into pure oxygen, he'd live twice as fast, mentally and physically, as he does in common air. If you put the most serious fellow—say Mr. Bright or Mr. Stuart Mill—into what they call laughing-gas, he'd become an extravagant buffoon. So this new gas in Mars probably gives the people that live there ideas which have never occurred to us.'

'How odd!' exclaimed Aurora.

'What effect do you suppose it produces?' asked Fanny.

'How can I guess? If one could only send a few million miles for a little bag of the gas, we might try some amusing experiments this evening. But suppose it gives one a new pleasure?'

'Or a new pain,' said Aurora.

'What did you mean by your oracular observation this morning?' inquired Fanny.

'Well, you were saying that you liked things that were just wicked enough to be pleasant; and I thought that perhaps in Mars they may have hit upon a new style of wickedness.'

'You are too bad,' said Fanny Lydiard.

'All the old forms are used up, you know,' said Launcelot. 'King Solomon acknowledged that, ever so long ago. And a thing is seldom pleasant unless it's a little wrong.'

You see how Launcelot con-

versed with his cousins. I don't know about his chemical theory; but assuredly there is a kind of electric influence in woman, which entirely changes a man. In the presence of a woman of nobler mould than these young ladies, I think Launcelot would have talked more seriously and worthily. Not but what they were very nice girls. But they had received no early culture, were untouched by the refining and stimulating influences of society and literature and art; had indeed few ideas except to enjoy life, and get comfortably married. And they saw in Launcelot Lydiard a thoroughly marriageable man, and accordingly fooled him to the top of his bent. Who can blame them? Was sagacious old Polonius wrong in thinking that mad fellow Hamlet an excellent match for his daughter?

Launcelot's next morning was an early one: Squire Payn was the most punctual of masters of hounds. There had been less frost, and the roads were soft when the hounds came round to the front of the Marden Arms, at half-past ten. Mr. Arthur Lydiard came out upon one of those abominable screws that he persisted in calling hunters.

The girls turned out in their pony-carriage to see the fun. Launcelot had ordered his groom to have the gray ready, and walked down to the Marden Arms to mount. There was rather a numerous meet. Captain Lepel was there, of course, on a knowing Irish horse, that would almost creep up the side of a house. Mrs. Lepel was out too, on a dark bay thoroughbred mare that would go over a fence like a bird. Charming she looked, a patrician beauty of twenty-five, with a clear-cut goddess-like contemptuous face, and a figure and a dress that were both perfection. Among other noticeable personages were the Honourable Geoffrey Marden, and his nephew the Earl of Chessington. Geoffrey the redoubtable was a man about six feet four inches high, and stout in proportion, sixty years old or thereabout, riding a mighty hunter that looked as if he could have carried the giant of Gath. Who knows not Geoffrey Marden, whose ancient blood seems to grow hotter as he grows older? It is matter of history how he used horsewhip and pistol — ay, and sometimes fist—in his wild youth, some thirty-five years ago. There is no man living about whom more scandalous stories are told, or who has done more daring deeds, or who has spent more money foolishly, than Geoffrey Marden. There is no more susceptible heart to woman than old Geoffrey's, and no ruder tongue to man. There is no man more truly loved or more bitterly detested. It is impossible to be indifferent to Geoffrey Marden.

The Earl of Chessington is a very different man from his uncle. A keen face, like the portraits of Praed and Lockhart, a singularly sharp eye, and lithe figure of five foot ten, mounted on a splendid thoroughbred. Why describe Lord Chessington? He is as pure an aristocrat as Aristophanes, and with a touch of the Athenian's poetic humour. He is, I suppose, an oligarch. He haughtily disdains the ablest man in the world who does not come of an ancient strain. When Lord Chessington, before his father's death, was in the House of Commons, he would rise immediately after the eloquent and passionate demagogue who is tribune of the English people, and in a few sarcastic incisive sentences make him utterly ridiculous. His manner in the House of Commons was that of a man who had

descended from a great height to that commonplace arena. He chaffed with equal impertinence the leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition. He patronized the Speaker as if that functionary were a parvenu who had invited him to dinner. Lord Chessington's manner was always enough to shut up the ordinary M.P.; but behind and beneath his manner was a fine vein of lazy irony and careless sarcasm, which cut like Toledo steel when it was brought into play.

I do not know that I need mention anybody else who joined the field that day, except the well-known Sir Clayton Harris. Sir Clayton was a small man, always exquisitely dressed, with a mighty moustache and beard, which almost obliterated his face. My friend Mr. Blackmore would call him a saccogeneiotrophos and a sphragidonuchargokometes. But the great point about Sir Clayton was that he knew everything about everybody, and who was related to whom, and whose estates adjoined whose, and all the pedigrees of all the counties in England. He should have been a herald. His presence on this occasion led to certain introductions which might not have occurred without him.

For they found a fox in a piece of gorse about a mile from the village; and they had about as sharp and straight a run of forty minutes as was ever seen out of the Shires. The dogs ran into their fox in Chessington Park; and the earl, when it was over, quietly said:

'We shan't get such another burst as that, to-day. Come to the Abbey and have some lunch, Mrs. Lepel?'

For that charming lady had been in the first flight all the way, and had leaped a widish brook, in which Mr. Arthur Lydiard was at the time floundering. But she had not turned a hair. Her tresses were still closely braided; there was scarcely a flush upon her haughty face.

'Come, Charles,' she said to her husband, by way of reply, 'his lordship is right.'

Sir Clayton Harris meanwhile had ridden alongside of the young earl.

'Ask that man on the big gray,' he whispered. 'Lydiard, his name is; just come into that Glossop property, close by your Yorkshire estates: may be some good to you.'

Lord Chessington was not a man to neglect political influence —for, as is the case with all pure aristocrats, his only serious pursuit was politics. He deemed it part of a gentleman's education to understand art, and to be able to quote Aristophanes or Horace in the full swing of a debate without an error or false quantity, and of course to ride and shoot, and so forth; but he utterly despised science, psychical and physical; thought Stuart Mill and Darwin and 'those fellows' a set of unpractical fools; regarded commerce as entirely beneath a gentleman's notice; and felt no interest at all in anything but politics— and that momentous branch of politics, war. Hearing Harris's remark, he glanced at Launcelot, saw that, though not a swell, he certainly was not a cad; and rode up and introduced himself, with suggestion of lunch. Squire Payn rode away disgusted. The earl and his uncle, Captain Lepel and his wife, Launcelot and the genealogical baronet, rode slowly upward to where the mullioned Elizabethan windows of Lord Chessington's house were sparkling in the sun. Mr. Arthur Lydiard had about this time got out of his brook, regained his roan steed,

and was trotting sulkily home to be consoled by his daughter Fanny.

'I hate those fly-away women,' he soliloquised, having a humiliating recollection of the flying heels of Mrs. Lepel's bay mare and the flying skirts of her dark-blue habit.

'Fine place this,' said Sir Clayton to Launcelot. 'Lord Marden built it about 1560. Sir Geoffrey Marden got a grant of the old abbey in 1540. There's the ruin, you see, down by the lake; those lazy Benedictines liked low ground. Climbing a hill to dinner didn't suit the beggars. By George, the fish in those ponds are prodigious.'

'Carp, I suppose,' said Launcelot.

'Yes, and some jack and tench. I saw a carp that weighed fifty-seven pounds pulled out last year.'

They rode up to the terrace, and there dismounted. If Mrs. Lepel understood the art of fascination in the saddle, so most surely did she in the management of her equestrian costume when on foot. Launcelot thought he had never seen her equal. She had not Ianthe Murray's wondrous beauty; but her high patrician air commanded admiration instead of winning it.

They settled down in the great hall, a vast baronial chamber the whole height of the house, with a great wood fire burning, and close at hand a mighty stack of logs, which did not seem in the way, though it would have half filled an ordinary dining-room.

'You and I are neighbours, Mr. Lydiard,' said the earl. 'In fact, I think I am almost your nearest neighbour at Glossop Grange. My place is about seventeen miles to the north-east.'

'You mean Clavering Hall,' said Launcelot.

'Ah,' said Captain Lepel, 'Glossop, Glossop! wasn't that the name of the old lady who threatened to prosecute me for trespass when I got on her land, Chessington?'

'Yes,' said the earl; 'Mr. Lydiard has come into the estate. Miss Glossop quarrelled with me because on one occasion a keeper of mine was sent to the Grange with a message, and his dog worried one of her cats.'

'She was a little too fond of cats,' said Launcelot.

'By George, yes!' remarked Sir Clayton; 'and yet a wonderful old lady about other things. I'll be hanged if she didn't know almost as much of her own ancestors as I do.'

'That's enough to win Harris's heart,' said Geoffrey Marden, with a laugh. 'I dare say you and Chessington won't have many rows about trespass, Mr. Lydiard.'

Mrs. Lepel meanwhile had drawn away towards the great fireplace, and attracted the earl.

'What a pity you don't marry, Lord Chessington!' she said, archly. 'This fine place wants a mistress, and you've half a dozen more fine places.'

'Each of which ought to have a separate mistress, perhaps, to attain perfection.'

'Don't talk Byron or De Musset,' she retorted, scornfully. 'It's beneath Algernon Earl of Chessington. Really, marriage is your duty.'

'I never thought it would be a pleasure,' he said. 'But, you know, I can't find the right sort of woman.'

'What do you want?'

'Well, *you* can guess my style easily enough. What I *don't* want is a girl who'll marry me for my rank, or because mamma orders her to.'

'Try a repetition of the "Burleigh House by Stamford town" experiment,' she said.

'No, thanks. I really don't think I could stand an ingenuous and sentimental rustic. Milk fresh

from the cow must be rather a bore to a fellow who has been drinking Lafitte for some years. Don't you think so?'

'I think,' she said, 'you are incorrigible.'

'Unmarriageable, you mean,' he said, with a light laugh. 'My brother Craven is married and has sons, so the earldom won't lack representatives. Why should *I* surrender my freedom?'

'Upon my word,' said Mrs. Lepel, stamping her pretty foot impatiently, 'you are enough to provoke a saint, and I, in regard to temper, am rather a sinner. Why, the portrait above our heads should make you feel matrimonial. It was a Countess of Chessington, was it not?'

She was looking at a fine full length by Sir Joshua of a splendid creature with dangerous, remorseless eyes, drawn in her riding-habit, with one gauntleted hand upon her horse's shoulder.

'Bah!' said Geoffrey Marden, who had been an amused listener to a portion of this conversation. 'Don't bring my grandmother into the business, for heaven's sake, Mrs. Lepel. She wasn't a nice party, by any means.'

'She *looks* very charming,' replied the lady.

'Ah, so do a good many of the worst of you,' said Geoffrey, rather uncourteously. 'I don't object to a bad man, no, not a bit in the world; but a bad woman. Faugh!'

'*Optima pessima*,' said the earl. 'Come, here's luncheon.'

Lord Chessington had ordered that light refreshment to be served in the hall; so they sat down, a party of six, and ate with hunting appetites. A glass or two of moselle brought on that pleasant intellectual effervescence which is the most charming, and not the least profitable, of mental developments. Three of the party, however, were difficult to excite. Mrs. Lepel was as cool as a Russian cucumber, and so was her husband. Lord Chessington's even temperament was unalterable either by wine or by society. Launcelot Lydiard, however, grew poetic. Sir Clayton Harris grew heraldic. The Hon. Geoffrey Marden grew anecdotic.

Luncheon was served by the butler: a couple of trim maidservants helped him. The earl didn't care to have a host of plump-calved, heavy-treading, wooden-faced footmen about him; he liked the tripping step and modest curtsey of a fresh young country lass; so old Mrs. Patient, the housekeeper, invariably kept up a supply of nice-looking ancillæ. And both these were nice-looking, but oh how different! One had a nice fresh plump face, brownish eyes, a nose just on the point of turning up, a white-toothed mouth a trifle too large, a chin on the point of becoming double, short brown hair, wide shoulders, a wide, short-fingered hand. She looked quite in her place. A casual glance at her would induce you to say, 'Ah, she'll make young Lane, the under-gardener, a very good wife.' But the other! Though dressed in the simplest of cotton prints, there was no mistaking her ladyhood. The graceful curves of throat and bosom, the dainty length of white finger, above all, the divine depth of dark eyes hidden beneath dark lashes, were marvellous to see.

Mrs. Lepel was the first to notice this maidservant's beauty, and her upper lip curved with a spiteful sneer. The girl was too beautiful for Clare Lepel. The captain saw her and stroked his mustache; the Hon. Geoffrey saw her and muttered an exclamation of surprise; the earl saw her and smiled within himself at the recollection of Tennyson's poem—

'He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.'

Last of all to see her was our friend Launcelot Lydiard. He had been listening to some piquant chaff of Mrs. Lepel's, and suddenly raised his eyes to behold the stout old butler receiving a tray from the hands of a girl who looked exactly like Ianthe Murray!

'By Jove!' he said, under his breath, '*Found!*'

After luncheon they strolled on the terrace to smoke. They had separated into two groups; the earl, with Mrs. Lepel and Sir Clayton Harris, was in advance; the other three followed at some distance.

'You don't seem to object to rustic beauties, my lord,' said Mrs. Lepel, in a low and significant tone.

The earl said nothing.

'Did you ever see such a magnificent creature as that maid-servant at lunch, Lepel?' said the Honourable Geoffrey. 'She's a fresh face. Isn't she fine?'

'She's simply the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life,' replied the captain, coolly. 'And so young to have such a superb development. Egad, sir! I never saw such a thing. What did you think of her, Mr. Lydiard?'

'I did not particularly notice her,' said Launcelot, mendaciously. 'Do you mean the red-faced girl?'

'Red-faced girl!' exclaimed Geoffrey Marden. 'Why, she'd a complexion like—like—'gad, I don't know what it's like. Why, she's divine! The Lepel there is an ugly woman to her. 'Gad, captain, I forgot you were here.'

'O, I'll forgive you, my boy, for to tell you the truth I quite agree with you. I've not seen many women that could beat Mrs. Lepel, but that girl does. What a pity you didn't notice her, Lydiard!'

'Yes,' replied Launcelot. 'I wish I had."

Servants, the best of them, sometimes listen to conversations not intended for them. The old butler, at an open window above the terrace, heard the greater part of this conversation. It frightened him. He was not a bad old man, and he feared for a beautiful servant-girl within easy reach of Captain Lepel and the Honourable Geoffrey Marden.

So in the course of the afternoon he went to the housekeeper's room, and he said to that lady:

'Mrs. Patient, ma'am, that gal must go.'

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARLOUR-MAID.

It was no trivial trial to Rosalind Murray to become a maid-servant. Remembering the refinement, inexpensive yet elegant, wherewith from her birth she had been surrounded, it may easily be imagined that to live in a kitchen and associate with average servant-girls was not a tempting prospect for her. But then what was the poor child to do? What can a beautiful young lady do in this highly civilized society of ours, if she has no money, and nobody of her own rank will marry her?

Of course, it is well understood by all philosophers that a woman's ἔργον is marriage. And if any marriageable man had encountered my heroine, young, beautiful, refined, but penniless, he would probably have thought twice before making her an offer. For myself, I think she would have been fit bride for the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, if he had been old enough for her. But Rosalind, with pure and humble eagerness to make a

TWO NURSES FOR A PEARL

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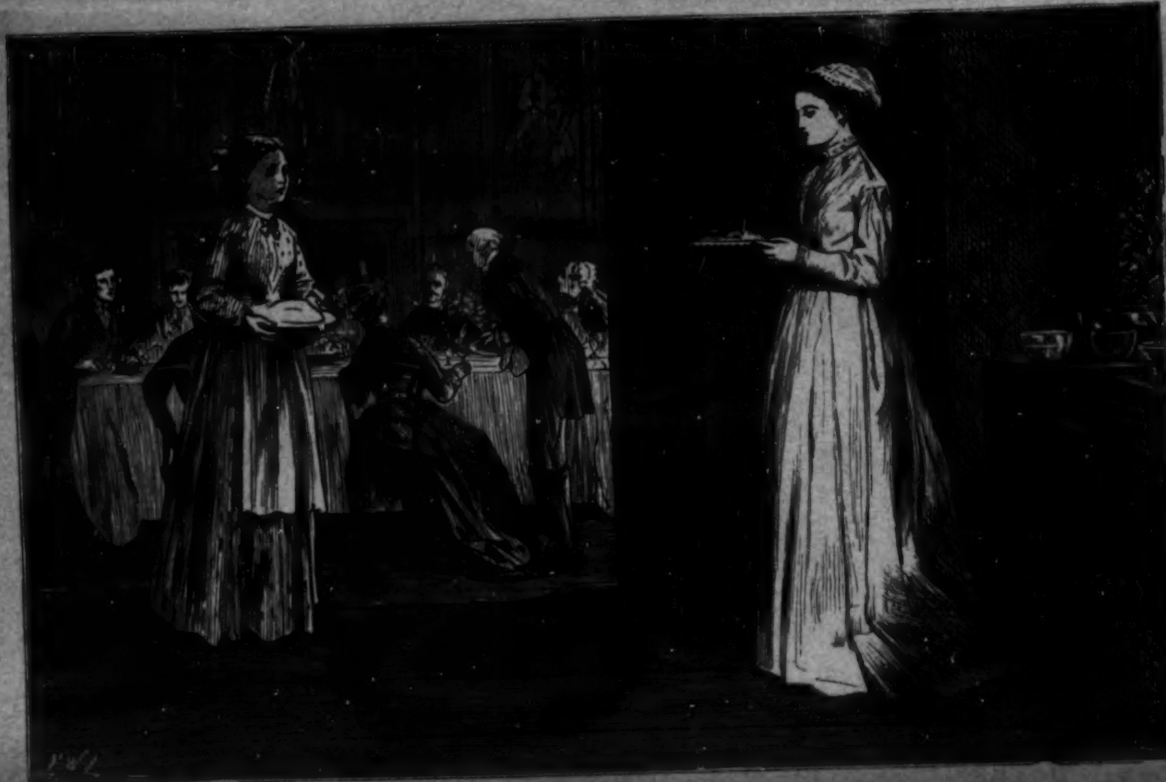
CHAPTER XII.

THE PARLOUR-MAID.

It was no trivial trial to Rosalind Murray to [illegible] elegance, wherewith from her birth she had been surrounded, it may easily be imagined that to live in a kitchen and associate with average servant-girls was not a tempting prospect for her. But then what was the poor child to do? What can a beautiful young lady do in this highly civilized society of ours, if she has no money, and nobody of her own rank will marry her?

Of course it is well understood by all philosophers that a woman's [illegible] is marriage. And if any marriageable [illegible] had encountered my heroine, young, beautiful, refined, but penniless, he would probably have thought twice before making her an offer. For myself, I think she would have been fit bride for the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, if he had been old enough for her. But Rosalind, with pure and humble eagerness to make a



Drawn by F. W. Lawson.]

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.

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livelihood, could think of no way except domestic service. She had no friend to get her a situation as telegraph clerk or photographic shop-girl. She was living in a remote village, where such lady-like employments were undreamt of. She had not sufficient knowledge of the abstruse sciences for a governess: I sadly fear she was wickedly ignorant of the distance of the moon from the earth, and would have blundered by a couple of hundred thousand miles if anybody had asked her. She had no patron or patroness except the good honest old laundress, whom in the Saxon-speaking village of Chessington they called a washerwoman. What *could* Rosalind do?

I suppose, in the fast life of this fast epoch, people should be careful not to educate their daughters too well. Of course I do not refer to the exceptional case of Lionel Murray, who was an eccentric man, and ought to have known better. But there is a sad temptation to many a coarse, vulgar, hard-working man, when he sees a pretty girl growing up at his knees, the blossom of his race and poetic reproduction of what her mother was in the days of his wooing, to give the child an education above her level. He cannot bear the idea of her marrying one of the coarse, vulgar, hard-working young fellows who just reflect himself in his youth. He sees a strange beauty in his darling child, and has no idea that her happiest fate would be to marry in the class from which she sprung. So she is too often educated beyond her position, and learns not only the use of the globes, but also an extreme contempt for the honest, though vulgar, young men who are exactly what her father was in his youth; and it is easy to see that her career is likely to be most miserable.

The old Chessington laundress got our Rosa a situation as parlourmaid at Mrs. Morland's, at the Abbey Lodge. Mr. Morland, Frank Morland, as everybody always called him, was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered, and very red-faced Yorkshireman, who had come into those parts to be steward to the earl. He was the keenest man of business and the best-natured fellow in the world. His wife was a marvellously vixenish little woman, black of hair and eyes, with a voice that rang like a small bell. To say that she considered herself a lady is to say nothing. She considered that there was nobody like herself in the county. She had an absolute faith in herself. Moreover, she had indomitable energy. She was the earliest riser in the neighbourhood, and never cared to go to bed. And she drove her whole household before her at the fastest pace. At four in the summer, five in the winter, the bell at the head of her bed began to ring vivaciously. If the girls were not downstairs within ten minutes, little Mrs. Morland was out of bed to look after them, and her shrill voice sounded through the house like an east wind. Frank Morland was wont to turn heavily in his bed, and swear a little, and fall asleep again. All day long Mrs. Morland's voice was audible. She was all scold. The way in which she ruled her husband and her servants—she, a Liliputian creature, whom anybody else in the house could have lifted on a high shelf out of the way—was a perpetual proof of the power of eloquence. *Vox, et præterea nihil*, you say. By Jove, Mrs. Morland's voice was a match for anything.

She was in the habit of saying that she had a thorn in the flesh. She certainly had. This thorn was her only child, Susan Morland,

a tall, handsome young woman of about twenty. Susan, her mother would contemptuously declare, was her father's own child. At fourteen she had weighed fourteen stone. She was a fine example of the *vis inertiæ*. Her tread was elephantine, and shook the floors of the Abbey Lodge. She was emphatically a good sleeper—so good a sleeper indeed that her mother's shrillest scold would fail to awaken her. I need not say that she was the best-natured girl in the world. She was full of the milk of human kindness, but it was rather too lazy to cream. She and her mother were in a chronic state of war; not that Susan was ever combative. But her utter immovableness by the shrillest and keenest objurgation was her mother's chief affliction.

Rosalind Murray was not particularly comfortable at Abbey Lodge. A young lady to whom personal delicacy is natural could hardly be expected to like the ill-furnished servants' bedroom, with a stout housemaid as bedfellow. The fair water of an ample bath, the perfumed soap, the simple elegancies of a lady's toilet, are rather different from what our poor little heroine found at Mrs. Morland's. She and her sister had never been very early risers. A bright morning of summer, with the pigeons cooing on the roof at five, would sometimes tempt them from slumber; but generally they indulged in *sommeils des matin*, to use Mirabel's phrase. So, to hear a cacophonous bell at five on a sharp January morning; to have this followed by a sharp scolding voice in about ten minutes; to be obliged to dress by a rushlight, and to wash in about as much water as had previously served for cleaning her teeth—these were harsh experiences for Rosalind. Worse than these—worse, indeed, than Mrs. Morland's unceasing scold—were the vulgarities of her fellow-servants. They saw she had fallen from a higher rank, and took good care to make her feel it.

But her mistress rather approved her. She never *answered*. She took with perfect patience the most unfair attack. And Rosalind, placed in a position entirely new to her, might have remained at the Abbey Lodge for any length of time, tolerating and tolerated. But Susan Morland, with all her plumpness, had a sufficiently keen perception to see that Rose (this was her servile name) was not where she ought to be. So one day, when the steward was smoking his after-dinner pipe, and Susan was sitting in an easy-chair opposite her respected father—the mistress and autocrat of the establishment being engaged elsewhere on important affairs—Miss Morland made a suggestion, an oblique and insidious suggestion.

'Lord Chessington's coming to the Abbey soon, isn't he, papa?'

'In about a month, I think.'

'Don't you think that new parlour-maid mamma has engaged would suit Mrs. Patient? She's a nice-looking girl.'

'Yes,' he replied, slowly; 'she *is* a nice-looking girl. And my lord likes nice-looking girls about the place,' he continued, half in soliloquy.

'She isn't much good here,' said his plump daughter. 'She can't do any work worth mentioning, and mamma likes people who work. She's rather ornamental than otherwise.'

'Well, Sue,' said the honest steward, going straightforward to the subject, 'what do you want me to do?'

'Tell Mrs. Patient about her,' said the young lady.

CHAPTER XIII.

TOO PRETTY BY HALF.

She said no more. At that moment Mrs. Morland burst into the room, breathless, yet eloquent.

'I never saw such people in my life! We shall be eaten out of house and home! And you, Frank, you sit there smoking your pipe as if you weren't being ruined as fast as possible!

'That 'll do, lass,' said Frank Morland.

'O yes!' she retorted. 'That 'll do, of course. You don't care how I slave away to save you from ruin! The waste there is in this house is shameful; and the servants are such impudent hussies I daren't speak to them. I positively declare I'm afraid to go into my own kitchen!'

With much more of the same sort, to be taken *cum grano salis.* The worthy steward knocked the ashes out of his pipe, recollecting an important matter he had to attend to, and went beyond the hearing of Mrs. Morland's shrill tongue. But he did not forget his daughter's remark; and the consequence was that, in the course of a week or two, Mrs. Patient had engaged Rosalind Murray at the Abbey, on Mrs. Morland's own recommendation. The old housekeeper was a good diplomatist, and had led up to the subject so cleverly that Mrs. Morland had herself proposed the transfer.

At that time the Earl was in Scotland, and the great house was quiet, and Rosalind thought herself uncommonly fortunate. For the most trivial arrangements at the Abbey were all on a generous scale, and there was comfort for even maid-servants under Mrs. Patient's thoughtful and temperate rule. And that ancient lady—for fifty years in the service of the Earls of Chessington had made a lady of Dorothy Patient, though she was a very blowsy and awkward village-girl when her servitude began—took rather a fancy to Rose, and would have her sit and read to her in the evenings. Mrs. Patient always read the Bible for herself—an enormous family Bible covered with green baize, which was invariably lying on her table with a pair of old-fashioned horn spectacles upon it, generally open at the Psalms: but she liked to hear the news, and, when there was no one at the Abbey, she and the butler had the 'Times' to themselves. Rose was always directed to begin with the Shipping Intelligence. Mrs. Patient's only brother had gone to Australia about half a century before, and there was excellent evidence that he had died in the bush; but the good housekeeper had never thoroughly believed it, and still expected that Ezekiel Patient would some day be reported as landing on the shores of Britain.

When the butler explained to Mrs. Patient his reason for thinking it advisable that Rose should not remain at the Abbey, the housekeeper agreed with him.

'Yes, Mr. Sparks,' she said, 'the girl *is* too pretty to be about here, there's no denying it. And I should be sorry to say a word against my lord's uncle—but Mr. Geoffrey's a man that I wouldn't trust with a pretty girl further than I could see him.'

'Not half so far,' said the butler, sententiously.

'He *will* have his own way, will Mr. Geoffrey,' said Mrs. Patient. 'Ah, I can remember, as well as if it was yesterday, though it's forty years ago, if it's a day, when he was so sweet upon Lady Millicent Northmore, and the Major came upon them in the octagon room, and there was a dreadful quarrel

and a duel, and Mr. Geoffrey shot poor Major Northmore just in the jaw, and Lady Millicent had to go home and live with her father. And as to that Captain Lepel, he's a bad lot, *I* think.'

'You're not far wrong, ma'am,' said Mr. Sparks, with a wise nod of the head.

'I shall be sorry to send the child away,' continued the housekeeper. 'She's a bright girl, and a teachable, and does what she's told, and doesn't dress herself up like most of the saucy hussies that call themselves servants. Servants, forsooth! Why, if *I'd* worn crinoline and flyaway ribbons, and brooches as big as warming-pans, when I came here first, the Countess—that's his lordship's grandmother, Mr. Sparks—would have sent me home pretty quick, and mother would have taken the broom-handle to me. Girls ain't what they used to be, Mr. Sparks.'

'They ain't, indeed,' said the butler. 'But I must go and look to the dinner-wine. Mr. Geoffrey's twice as particular about the wine as my lord is, and swore at me awful yesterday for giving him Chablis instead of Montrachet with his oysters. I'll leave the matter in your hands, Mrs. Patient.'

'I'll attend to it,' said the old lady, and began to meditate as to where in the neighbourhood she could find a safer place for Rose.

Meanwhile the luncheon-party had dispersed, Captain and Mrs. Lepel and our hero riding towards Chessington together, Sir Clayton Harris in an opposite direction. But before Launcelot left, the Earl had said—

'We must keep up our acquaintance, Mr. Lydiard, as we are neighbours in Yorkshire. You are staying with some friends at Chessington, I hear.'

'My uncle,' said Launcelot. 'He has lately come to live there.'

'I'll ride over and call, if I may, and then you must come and dine. I shall be glad of your support in Yorkshire, to keep down those democratic hounds. You're a Tory, I suppose?—none of your wishy-washy Liberal-Conservatives?'

'Really,' said Launcelot, 'I don't know that I have any decided political opinions.'

The Earl looked amazed and slightly contemptuous.

'Ah,' he remarked, 'you'll soon find it necessary to have some, now that you're a landowner, and pretty decided, too. There's a crusade against the land, sir—a combination of cotton-spinners, and clothiers, and brewers, and money-jobbers—and we must show ourselves stronger than they. They'll have used up all their coal and iron by-and-by; and if the aristocracy can only hold their own till then, we may save England.'

Launcelot, who might have said, with Walter Savage Landor—

'I live among the Pigmies and the Cranes,
Nor care a straw who loses or who gains;'—

who looked upon the endless strife between Whig and Tory as a Batrachomyomachia, hardly knew whether Psicharphax or Physignathus was in office—was a good deal amused at the Earl's vehemence. But he said—

'I shall be glad to become your ally. I am only a *novus homo*, as you know, my lord, and you can hardly expect me to feel so strongly as you do.'

'The Glossops of Glossop Grange are not *novi homines*. Harris would tell you that they were in Yorkshire before the Mardens. We'll talk the matter over after dinner, in a day or two,' said the Earl.

'Lord Chessington is wild about politics,' said Lepel, as they rode down the avenue. 'I confess, if I can get a good horse and a good

dinner, I'm content to let the tradespeople govern the country.'

'So long as they don't send in their bills,' said Mrs. Lepel, with a gay laugh.

This couple had an attractive way of laughing at their notorious tendency to indebtedness, finding it, indeed, a constant subject for a pleasant jest.

'Yes, confound them!' replied the Captain. 'That's a fine hunter of yours, Mr. Lydiard, and well up to your weight. I suppose you ride sixteen stone?'

'Thereabout,' said Launcelot. 'I gave three hundred for this fellow, and I don't think him dear.'

'Cheap as dirt,' said Lepel. 'How long do you stay in these parts? Come over to my cottage and lunch to-morrow; we can have a game of billiards afterwards.'

Launcelot accepted, and the Lepels left him at the next cross-road. As he walked his horse slowly towards Chessington, he found considerable matter for reflection. He had, in rather absurd poetic fashion, fallen in love with a photograph. But now he was thoroughly puzzled. Which of these two beautiful girls was the original of this εἴδωλον? This was his primary perplexity. And the next was, that he found one an actress and the other a maid-servant; and he did not particularly admire the idea of marrying either the one or the other. He was his own master, certainly; but he knew that his relations and the world would say severe things if he were to take a wife from the domestics at Chessington Abbey.

At the same time, how beautiful she was! The very image of Ianthe! There was the same air of distinction about both. Did it diminish their intrinsic value if poverty had forced them into a lower level of life than that to which they by birth belonged? He wavered perpetually between the idea of winning and wearing the rarest beauty he had ever seen and the more prosaic idea of looking for a patrician of the Mrs. Lepel type, perfect at all points. With the reins on the neck of the gray he rode moodily homewards, lighting a cigar with some difficulty, and puffing it without any definite appreciation of its flavour. But it soothed him — good tobacco soothes a perplexed and irritated mind better than anything else; and when he reached his uncle's gate, he had determined to postpone his decision for the present, and lunch with Lepel next day, and dine at the Abbey when the time came, and have a few minutes' sly converse with Rosalind if possible.

At the gate, Fanny and Aurora awaited him, with plumes in their hats so resplendent that the grey shied perceptibly. They had to tell him how poor papa had been thrown into Chalford Brook, and half drowned, and how he was now in bed, after the customary appliances of hot water and gruel, and would not reappear to-day; and to ask him where he had been, and (when they were informed) how he liked the Earl, and the Honourable Geoffrey, and Sir Clayton, and Captain Lepel (that shocking man), and, above all, Mrs. Lepel? And when they heard that the Earl was going to call—

'*Going to call!*' cried both sisters at once, in the strongest italics;—their enthusiasm, I assure you, knew no bounds.

But Launcelot Lydiard, having dismounted and got away to his room, sat down to write to Ianthe Knollys.

RECOLLECTIONS BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the years 1819 and '20, I produced ten or a dozen dramas of various descriptions at sundry theatres, amongst which I may mention, an Easter piece at Drury Lane, founded on one of the Tales of the Genii, and called 'Abudah, or the Talisman of Oromanes,' simply because the ballads sung in it were set by that extraordinary character, Michael Kelly, cruelly described as 'Composer of Wines and Importer of Music,' and were I should think his latest productions in the latter capacity. During one of the rehearsals, a young lady whose name I will not try to remember, sang woefully out of time; a shriek of agony, followed by a volley of oaths startled the whole dramatis personæ, as the utterer was invisible. Kelly had, unknown to any one, hobbled into the house, and taken his seat in a pit-box behind the cloth with which it was covered in the day-time. The piece was a very poor one, miserably put on the stage, and, despite the loyal endeavours of Harley, and the sweet warbling of Mrs. Bland, scarcely survived the Easter holidays. At that time, however, a run of nine nights was considered a success. It would now, and with reason, be accounted a lamentable failure.

A more fortunate melodrama of mine of that date was 'The Vampire,' for which Mr. T. P. Cooke secured a great popularity at the Lyceum Theatre, or as it was then called 'The English Opera.' The trap, now known throughout the theatrical profession as 'a Vampire trap,' was invented for this piece, whence its name. At this theatre I became acquainted with Mr. Samuel James Arnold, the proprietor, 'Dicky Peake' his treasurer, the well-known humourist and dramatic writer, Mr. John Taylor of the 'Sun,' a notoriety of that day, Dr. Kitchener, Charles Mathews the elder, and various other visitors to the green-room—noble, literary, and artistic. I have spoken of Peake as 'a humourist,' for I know no epithet that would so accurately describe him. He was not a wit in the true sense of the word. There is not a scintilla of wit that I can remember in any of his dramas or in his conversation; but there was some good fun in a few of his farces, and he had a happy knack of 'fitting' his actors, a memorable example of which is 'Geoffrey Muffincap,' the charity schoolboy, in 'Amateurs and Actors,' which was expressly written to suit the peculiarities of person, voice, and manner of Wilkinson. Peake's humour consisted in a grotesque combination of ideas, such as the following: calling with him one summer day on a mutual friend, the fire-place in the drawing-room was 'ornamented' with a mass of long slips of white paper falling over the bright bars of the stove. Peake's first question was, 'What do you keep your macaroni in the grate for?' I could fill a page or two with such *concetti*, which, spurted out in his peculiar manner, were perhaps more comical to hear than to repeat. His farces were usually damned the first night, and recovered themselves wonderfully

afterwards. A striking instance of this was 'A Hundred Pound-Note,' at Covent Garden, in which the 'conundrums,' bandied between Power and Keeley, were violently hissed on the first representation, and received with roars of laughter subsequently. Indeed they may be said to have popularized, if not originated, the 'why and because' style of jesting, which forms a principal feature in our comic Irish and 'Christy Minstrel' entertainments. His failures I consider were attributable to a strange misapprehension of the principles of dramatic composition. Any absurdity which had made *him* laugh he assumed must necessarily produce a similar effect on a general audience; a most fatal mistake for any one to fall into who caters for that 'many-headed monster,' the public. Poor Dicky's misfortunes rarely came alone. He was wont to pace Waterloo Bridge during the performance of a new piece, and on returning to the theatre received, with the account of its failure, the tidings on more than one occasion that his wife had presented him with twins. His extreme good temper and obliging nature made him an universal favourite. He was devotedly attached to Mr. Arnold, whose bond for 200*l.*, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful service, he generously thrust into the breakfast-room fire before him, the morning after the burning down of the Lyceum Theatre (February, 16th, 1830), saying, 'You have lost all by fire, let this go too.' Richard Brinsley Peake died a poor man—a singular circumstance considering that he had been for so many years the treasurer of a theatre.

In 1821 I took unto myself a wife, and paid with her a second visit to Paris, where we were present at the fêtes in honour of the baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, now Count de Chambord or Henri V., as political opinion may dictate. The Comtesse de Gonteau was his nurse, and as my wife's mother had kept that noble lady from starving when an exile in England, Mrs. Planché innocently imagined that a note revealing her maiden name would immediately procure her a peep at the baby, as the Countess had protested when they parted that she could never repay the obligations she was under to all the family. I am bound to say she never did.

It was on this occasion I saw at the Porte St. Martin, the inimitable Potier in the 'Comedie Férie,' by MM. Saurin and Brazier, entitled, 'Riquet à la Houppe,' which was then in its first run, having been produced about two months previously. I brought it with me to England, and fifteen years afterwards it formed the foundation of the first of those fairy extravaganzas which for so long a period enjoyed without one breakdown an almost unprecedented popularity. On our return to London I entered into an engagement with Messrs. Jones and Rodwell, the then proprietors of the Adelphi, to write only for that theatre, but cancelled it after a few months, sooner than soil the stage with the production of 'Tom and Jerry.' A newly-married man, the engagement was of consequence to me; but I can safely say that I never suffered pecuniary considerations to influence my conduct when the higher interests of the drama appeared to me at stake. Moncrief was not so fastidious. The piece was woefully dull and was ill-received on its first representation; but the fun and spirit gradually introduced into it by Wrench, John Reeve, and Wilkinson, kept

it on its legs, till by degrees the town took to it, and the proprietors netted a small fortune. The following year I was introduced by a mutual friend to Mr. Charles Kemble, who had just succeeded to the management of Covent Garden on the retirement of Mr. Henry Harris, and to that theatre I voluntarily attached myself for six seasons. The company at Drury Lane, now under the management of Elliston, had received important accessions in the persons of Charles Young, Macready, Liston, and Miss Stephens. Still that at Covent Garden was strong in comedy and superior in spectacular entertainments. Generally speaking, too, its members were, with the exception of the four great seceders, 'tant soit peu,' higher in social status, more refined in manners, more intellectual in conversation. It was 'jolly' enough to dine with Kean at 'the Black Jack' Tavern, or sup with him and a few more 'choice spirits' at Offleys; but the retrospection was more gratifying after a quiet little family dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble or an admirably-cooked mutton chop with Duruset at his lodgings in Jermyn Street, where the guests were worthy of the wine, and neither head nor heart worse for it the next morning.

On the 3rd of December, 1822, was produced my first opera, 'Maid Marian,' the music by Bishop, the subject taken from a sparkling little tale of that name written by Mr. Peacock of the India House, author of 'Headlong Hall' and two or three other similar 'novelettes,' published by Hookham in Bond Street. To Mr. Hookham, as in duty bound, I offered the refusal of the libretto of my opera, an offer of which he immediately availed himself by refusing it in terms it would be flattering to call courteous, and all but threatening to prevent the performance of the opera as an infringement of his copyright. Its great success afforded me the handsome revenge of putting a lump of money in his pocket by the sale not only of the novel of 'Maid Marian,' but of all the other works by the same author, of which a second edition was speedily demanded, and the great gratification of making the public acquainted with the works of one of the most agreeable of writers which, like too many gems 'of purest ray serene,' had remained for years unknown, and consequently unappreciated. In this opera that excellent actor Robert Keeley, whom I had had the pleasure of recommending first to Elliston and afterwards to Charles Kemble, made his debut at Covent Garden in the very small part of a Friar, to which, as to every part he played, however trifling, he gave character and importance, never overstepping 'the modesty of nature.'

In 1823, a casual conversation with Mr. Kemble respecting the play of 'King John,' which he was about to revive for Young, who had returned to Covent Garden, led to a step, the consequences of which have been of immense importance to the English stage—and not the less valuable because, as in all other great changes, excess and abuse have occasionally entailed misfortune and merited reprobation. I complained to Mr. Kemble that a thousand pounds were frequently lavished on a Christmas pantomime or an Easter spectacle, while the plays of Shakespere were put upon the stage with make-shift scenery, and, at the best, a new dress or two for the principal characters. That although his brother John, whose classical mind revolted from the barbarisms which even a Garrick had tole-

rated, had abolished the bag-wig of Brutus and the gold-laced suit of Macbeth, the alterations made in the costumes of the plays founded upon English history, in particular, while they rendered them more picturesque, added but little to their propriety; the whole series, King Lear included, being dressed in habits of the Elizabethan era, the third reign after its termination with Henry VIII., and, strictly speaking, very inaccurately representing the costume even of that period. At that time I had turned my attention but little to the subject of costume, which afterwards became my most absorbing study; but the slightest reflection was sufficient to convince any one that some change of fashion must have taken place in the civil and military habits of the people of England during several hundred years. I remembered our Life-Guards in cocked-hats and pigtails, and they were at that moment wearing helmets and cuirasses. It was not requisite to be an antiquary to see the absurdity of the soldiers before Angiers, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, being clothed precisely the same as those fighting at Bosworth at the end of the fifteenth. If one style of dress was right, the other must be wrong. Mr. Kemble admitted the fact, and perceived the pecuniary advantage that might result from the experiment. It was decided that I should make the necessary researches, design the dresses, and superintend the production of 'King John.' Fortunately I obtained, through a mutual friend, an introduction to Doctor, afterwards Sir Samuel, Meyrick, who had just published his elaborate and valuable work, 'A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Arms and Armour,' and was forming that magnificent and instructive collection now exhibiting at South Kensington. How little did I dream at that time that I should ever be called on to arrange it twice for public exhibition!—at Manchester, in 1857, and at South Kensington, in 1868. He entered most warmly and kindly into my views, pointed out to me the best authorities, and gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Francis Douce, the eminent antiquary, from whom also I met with the most cordial reception, and who paid me the high compliment of placing his invaluable collection of illuminated MSS. unreservedly in my hands for inspection and tracing of the miniatures. Under these two able masters I commenced my course of archæology, and, I am proud to say, retained their friendship to the end of their lives. In the theatre, however, my innovations were regarded with distrust and jealousy. Farley, the arch-magician of pantomime and spectacle, dreaded the dimming of his shining star; and Fawcett, the stage-manager, considered me an intruder upon his special jurisdiction. The performers had no faith in me, and sulkily assumed their new and strange habiliments, in the full belief that they should be roared at by the audience. They *were* roared at; but in a much more agreeable way than they had contemplated. When the curtain rose, and discovered King John dressed as his effigy appears in Worcester Cathedral, surrounded by his barons sheathed in mail, with cylindrical helmets and correct armorial shields, and his courtiers in the long tunics and mantles of the thirteenth century, there was a roar of approbation, accompanied by four distinct rounds of applause, so general and so hearty, that the actors were astonished, and I felt amply rewarded for all the trouble, anxiety, and annoyance I had experienced during my labours. Receipts of

from 400*l.* to 600*l.* nightly soon re-imbursed the management for the expense of the production, and a complete reformation of dramatic costume became from that moment inevitable upon the English stage.

One ludicrous result I must needs chronicle. A melodrama, *quasi* historical, was announced for production at the Coburg Theatre, now known as the 'Victoria,' under the title of 'William the Conqueror, or the Battle of Hastings.' In imitation of the Covent Garden play-bill, a long and imposing (very imposing in this instance) list of authorities was quoted for the new dresses and decorations, most of them being those general works on costume and armour which I had enumerated in the announcement of 'King John.' Curious to observe the effect of such a representation on a transpontine public, I obtained a private box, and was seated in it long before the rising of the curtain. The house was crammed to the ceiling; and in the very centre of the pit, a most conspicuous object amongst the dingy denizens of the New Cut and St. George's Fields, who filled it to suffocation, arose the snow-white powdered head of the learned and highly respected Dr. Coombe, the Keeper of the Medals at the British Museum, who, attracted as I had been by the 'promissory note' of preparation, had unfortunately neglected to provide himself, as I had done, with a 'coin of vantage' from whence he could witness the performance in ease and comfort, without peril to his best black suit and immaculate neckcloth. There was no possibility of extricating him from the spot in which he was wedged; and I could only hope, therefore, that the brilliancy of the spectacle would atone for the discomfort of his position.

The hope was fallacious. I will not attempt to describe dresses that were indescribable, and in which I could not detect the faintest resemblance to any pourtrayed in the works so unblushingly cited; but the banners of the rival hosts had obviously been painted from authorities which would have been admitted indisputable by the whole College of Heralds. Armorial bearings, it is true, were not known in the days of the Conqueror, but overlooking that slight anachronism, and the rather important fact that the arms were not even those borne by the direct descendants of the contending chieftains, the coats, crests, and supporters displayed were heraldically correct, and undeniably those of departed English worthies, noble and gentle, for they were nothing less than the funeral hatchments of some score of lords, ladies, baronets, and members of Parliament, which, having hung for the usual period on the walls of their family mansions, had reverted to the undertaker, and been 'furnished' by him, for a consideration, to the liberal and enterprising lessee of 'the Coburg.' There they were, and no mistake. Simply taken out of their frames, and without any alteration of the well-known lozenge form, hoisted on poles, some surmounted by cherubims, others by sculls with crossbones. A wicked wag might have managed, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, to have appropriated the 'Hatchments' to the principal personages. The ambitious Norman duke who aspired to a kingly crown, might have been preceded by one which bore for motto, 'Spero meliori.' A hint might have been conveyed to the bellicose Bishop of Bayeux by another with 'In cœlo quies;' and the royal Saxon standard might have

drooped over the prostrate Harold, with 'Requiescat in pace.' I can scarcely hope to be believed when I assert that this ridiculous and disgraceful exhibition excited neither shouts of derision nor symptoms of disgust amongst the general audience. I certainly cannot say that the piece was received with enthusiasm; but it escaped the condign punishment which its absurdity and bad taste richly deserved.

In August, 1824, I was again in Paris, and passed a most enjoyable time there with Kemble and Young, MM. Croznier and Merle (the popular dramatic authors and directors of the Porte St. Martin), and some of the principal actors and actresses of that day, amongst whom I may mention Madame Dorval, the celebrated melodramatic actress, and Mazurier, the wonderful pantomimist, whose performances in 'Jocko; ou, le Singe de Brezil,' which I afterwards arranged for him at Covent Garden, and 'Polichinelle,' were, and have hitherto remained incomparable. I returned to England with Mr. Kemble and his eldest daughter, Fanny, who had been *en pension* in Paris, and subsequently on the stage of Covent Garden established her hereditary right to the throne of English tragedy. On the 9th of November, 'Lord Mayor's Day,' in that year, I produced at Covent Garden my adaptation of Rowley's comedy, 'A Woman Never Vext,' with a pageant of 'The Lord Mayor's Show,' as it appeared in the reign of Henry VI. The comedy was in five acts; and at one of the last rehearsals, Fawcett asked me if I had written a prologue. 'No.' 'A five-act play, and no prologue!—They'll tear up the benches!' They did nothing of the sort. The play, admirably acted by Young, Charles Kemble, Keeley, and the beautiful Miss Chester, who certainly looked 'a woman never vexed,' was a great success, and the custom for prologues to

——'Precede the piece in mournful verse,
As undertakers strut before the hearse,'

was broken through for the first time, without the slightest notice being taken of it by the public. On the occasion of the coronation of Charles X. of France, 29th May, 1825, I was selected by Mr. Kemble to make the drawings of dresses and decorations, prepared for that ceremony, and superintend a representation of it at Covent Garden. Furnished with letters of introduction to several influential personages both at Paris and at Rheims, I proceeded to Calais, where I awaited the arrival of the Duke of Northumberland, Envoy Extraordinary appointed to convey the congratulations of King George IV. to the new sovereign of France, and to invest his most Christian Majesty with the Order of the Garter. His Grace entered the harbour the next morning, amidst a salute from the frigate which had escorted him and the town batteries; entertained at dinner the British Consul, the English naval officers, the mayor of Calais, and the principal local authorities, civil and military, and slept that night at Dessein's. The bill was enormous; but it would have been paid without a murmur if the proprietor had not been so short-sighted as to charge a couple of francs for a broken wineglass! This piece of stupidity—for the few sous could scarcely have been a matter of calculation in such an account—so exasperated and disgusted Mr. Hunter, the King's messenger, who had the entire travelling arrangements of the mission under his control, that he took the Duke to Boulogne on his way back, and sailed from that

port to Dover, avoiding Calais, and thereby depriving Monsieur Dessein of more francs than would have purchased a wagon-load of wineglasses. At Paris every facility was afforded me of inspecting the regalia, the royal robes, the state dresses of the great officers, the magnificent uniforms of the 'Cent Suisses,' &c., through the kind instrumentality of the Viscountess Dowager of Haywarden and others to whom I was 'accredited' as 'Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary' from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; amongst the rest to a very illustrious theatrical potentate — the great tragedian, Talma,—whose reception of me was most cordial, and whose acquaintance I regret I had not more frequent opportunities of cultivating. I saw him act his celebrated character of 'Neron,' in which the well-known 'Qu'en dis tu?' reminded me of some of the peculiar *points* of Kean, between whose style of acting and his own there was considerable resemblance generally, Talma having the advantage in voice, and in some respects in person. On leaving Paris he presented me with two engraved portraits of himself, subscribed with his autograph, one of which I gave some years afterwards to the Garrick Club. I travelled to Rheims in company with Arthur Ruinart, youngest son of the Viscomte de Brimont, mayor of Rheims, and head of the well-known house of 'Ruinart et Cop[ie],' the principal growers, at that time, of the Sillery Champagne. As I had a letter to his father, we speedily fraternized, and a most amiable and agreeable companion I found him, not only on the journey but during my residence at Rheims, where he kindly constituted himself my cicerone. Mons. Ruinart had two elder sons in the business, each having separate establishments; and in addition to these three mansions, a fourth, the residence of the mother of Madame Ruinart, was with equal liberality thrown open to friends and visitors.

This fine old lady was an Englishwoman, the widow of a Mr. Plowden. She had resided from her childhood in France, and her narrow escape from the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, as she related it herself to me, is so remarkable that I shall not apologise for its introduction. She was dragged, with a crowd of other unfortunates, before one of the sanguinary tribunals in Paris, and having in vain pleaded her English birth, was on the point of being hurried out to the fatal tumbril awaiting its next load of victims, when one of her judges asked her of what province in England was she a native? In her fright, she hastily answered, 'Salop!' in lieu of 'Shropshire.' A shout of laughter and a general clapping of hands, was followed by an order to set her at liberty; and amid shouts of 'Salope! Salope!' she was pushed out into the streets, to run home she scarcely knew how, with her head on her shoulders. The young English lady was not aware that the word 'Salope' was used by the lower orders in France to designate one of the filthiest of her sex, and by its utterance she had unwittingly rebutted the charge of being an aristocrat! Mrs. Plowden of course spoke French grammatically like a native, but with the most unmistakable English accent. She was a Catholic; and on inviting me for the first time to dinner, she said, 'Remember it will be Friday, and you will get nothing but fish.' Of course I replied that, 'what I should have to eat was a matter of perfect indifference,' &c. We sat down, between twenty and

thirty, to one of the most sumptuous banquets I ever partook of. Everything, in truth, being fish, from the soup to the dessert, but it would have puzzled a conjuror to have discovered it without some previous intimation. My mornings were passed drawing in the magnificent cathedral, and my evenings at the house of one or the other of this amiable family.

Amongst the letters of introduction I had brought with me from England was one for a most important personage, Monseigneur Jean Baptiste Marie-Anne Antoine, Comte de Latil, Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, Peer of France, who was to place the crown upon the head of his most Christian Majesty. Mr. Coutts Trotter, on hearing of the object of my journey, said to me, 'I will give you a letter which will procure for you every advantage you can desire at Rheims. At the time of the Revolution the Archbishop (then simply Abbé de Latil) took refuge in our house at Colmar, in Alsace, and at the risk of our own ruin we refused to give him up to the Government, to whom he had rendered himself particularly obnoxious by his strong Bourbon partisanship. Since the Restoration, when he was made Bishop of Chartres, he has repeatedly made us offers of service, and pressed us to visit him. I will now write and say that any obligations he may suppose himself under to us we shall consider repaid by his attention to you.' He did so, and consequently as soon as I learned that his Eminence had arrived I repaired to the palace and presented my credentials. I was received with effusion. The Cardinal pressed my hand between both his own, declared that he owed his life to my friend, and that he was grateful to Providence for having given him this first opportunity of evincing his sense of the immense obligations he was under to Mr. Coutts Trotter. What could he do for me? Give me a good place in the cathedral to witness the coronation. Oh, that of course. The tickets had not yet been issued, but he expected them hourly; in the meanwhile I must come and dine with him. Where was I staying? I gave him my address, and added that I was always to be found at Monsieur Ruinart's, the mayor. Hah! that was an address he could never forget; and after many more pressures of my hand and protestations of affection for my introducer, I took my leave, most favourably prepossessed by the charm of his manner, the music of his voice, the graceful dignity of his demeanour, and that benevolent smile of an aged man which an Oriental writer extols as surpassing in sweetness that of a lovely woman.

I must confess that although I was faring 'sumptuously every day' I looked forward with some curiosity to a veritable 'bocca di cardinali.' One of the best places in the cathedral he would no doubt secure for me, but hundreds would see the show as well, though not better. But a dinner 'en petit comité' with a cardinal! Alas! it was not to be. His Eminence had miscalculated the strength of his memory and his gratitude. I never heard a word from him from that moment. The wealth and position of the persons who had saved his life at Colmar placed them above any pecuniary recompense or the reception of any personal favours. They had condescended to give him an opportunity of wiping off his heavy obligations by an ordinary courtesy to one of their friends, and he neglected it —never even wrote to them to explain or apologize. I need scarcely say their indignation was intense

and when in 1830 the Archbishop had again to fly for his life, and narrowly escaped with it from the enraged populace, who broke into his hotel in Paris and threw his furniture out of the windows into the Seine, was it possible for them to feel the slightest sympathy for his second reverse of fortune? It is quite true that gratitude is not one of the 'four cardinal virtues.' As far as my mission was concerned, however, I suffered no loss by the obliviousness of his Eminence. I had excellent seats secured for me by the kindness of the mayor and of my friends in the British embassy both for the coronation and the subsequent installation of the knights of the order of the Ste. Esprit. The entrance of the king and royal family, accompanied by detachments from all the principal regiments in the service, to the amount of ten thousand men, was an exceedingly fine sight, which I witnessed from the windows of my own lodgings. The coronation was the grandest spectacle I have ever seen, and the installation on the day following one of the most interesting from the celebrity of the persons present. The Duke d'Angoulême, 'the Dauphin,' as he was then designated, heir presumptive to the throne of France, and husband of 'Madame,' only daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI.; the venerable Duke de Bourbon, Condé, father of the Duc d'Enghien, whose execution at Vincennes by the arbitrary order of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1804 excited the sympathy of Europe, and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, afterwards 'King of the French.' Next to these royal personages, and equal to them in celebrity, were Talleyrand and Chateaubriand, who, though political opponents, advanced together to receive the *accolade* from their sovereign. Talleyrand, who was lame, stumbled as he approached the throne, and was courteously supported by his adversary. A murmur ran through the august assembly, and I have no doubt 'Le Français née malin' indulged in many an epigram on the occasion. As I shall not have any reason to mention Talleyrand again I will venture to record an anecdote of him, which I have not met with in print, and amusingly illustrates his diplomatic discretion. A tradesman to whom he was indebted a considerable sum having made many unsuccessful efforts to obtain payment, planted himself in the *porte cochere* of the prince's hotel, and resolutely accosted him as he was entering his carriage. 'Que me voulez vous monsieur?' asked the minister. 'Monseigneur, je veux seulement savoir *quand* son Excellence voudrait bien me payer?' 'Vous êtes bien curieux,' observed his Excellency, pulling up the window. The story is not apropos of his Excellency being made a knight of the order of the *Saint* Esprit; but that he was entitled to the grand cordon of the order of Beaux Esprits there are sufficient proofs, independent of this evasive answer.

I returned to Paris on the 5th of June, the day before his Majesty, and witnessed his arrival in state at the Tuilleries from the windows of the apartments of Sir John Burke at the corner of the Rues de Rivoli and Castiglione, and on the 10th of July 'the pageant of the Coronation of Charles X.' was produced at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, with a prelude by Peake entitled 'The Ramsbottoms at Rheims,' a name made popular at that period by a series of letters in the 'John Bull' newspaper, edited by Theodore Hook, and wherein a Mrs. Ramsbottom promulgated her opinions

'on things in general' something in the style of our later acquaintance Mrs. Brown. It had been anticipated by a few evenings at Drury Lane, according to the discourteous and discreditable custom of English theatrical management; but the hasty, slovenly, and inaccurate exhibition was speedily eclipsed by the 'real Simon Pure,' to the truth of which the testimony of many eyewitnesses of the ceremony at Rheims was publicly recorded.

My theatrical labours in the year 1825 terminated with the production at the Adelphi, then under the management of Messrs. Terry and Yates, of a one-act piece on the 12th of December, entitled 'Success; or, a Hit if You Like It,' which I only mention because it was the first attempt in this country to introduce that class of entertainment so popular in Paris called 'Revue,' and of which, with one solitary exception, I believe I have been the sole contributor to the English stage. This rather bold experiment, illustrated by the talent of Wrench, Terry, Yates, T. P. Cooke, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and other deservedly favourite performers, was a 'success' so satisfactory that it encouraged me to follow it up as occasion presented itself, and if I am any judge of my own works these 'pièces de circonstance,' though inevitably ephemeral from their nature, are amongst the most creditable of my dramatic compositions.

SONNET.

SPIN me a rope of sand, or forge a chain
  Of yeasty foam to hold the mighty sea;
  Then with cold words of wisdom come to me
To bind me to your creed that love is vain.
Your rope would perish with an April rain,
  Your chain would fly before a zephyr's breath:
  So your cold words of wisdom meet their death
When Love's low whisper makes the heart grow fain.
The match of Love is of so quick a sort
  It can be lighted with the merest touch;
And let it once be kindled, e'en in sport,
  Cool reason, thawing, finds the flame too much.
If love within our hearts an entry gain,
Love is triumphant, all things else are vain.

W. A. S.

UNIVERSITY MATCHES.

THERE must be a considerable amount of difficulty at the present time in exactly settling the theory of a university. A considerable number of men, if they were asked for what purpose the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were supposed to exist, would unhesitatingly reply, 'Mainly, no doubt, for the boat-race; but also, in a great degree, for the sake of the athletic sports.' It is quite true that these ennobling pursuits are interrupted by the periodical examinations, but we must take mortality on its conditions, and 'what lot is pure?' Muscular Christianity is the University order of the day; and perhaps the Christianity is an inferior element to the muscularity. We do not wonder if men seriously think after all that the mental work of the schools is altogether inferior to the physical training of that noble animal, man; as in the high-jump, the wide jump, footraces long or short, the hurdle-jump, and throwing the hammer. We have heard of men who have seriously proposed aquatics as the future business of life, and who, when it was quite clear that they could not succeed both in examinations and on the river, voluntarily abdicated their academic chances for the promotion of the glory of their boat. Nor is it to be wondered at if men come to think thus. Men learn to idolize physical force; and indeed they may argue intelligibly enough that physical force is after all the final arbiter of differences. A fashionable novelist represents his athletic hero, even when very ill, crumbling the flagon pewter between his taper fingers, and young ladies learn to admire this manliness above all things. Athletic undergraduates—on the favourable hypothesis that they understand Greek antiquities, or have attended the lectures of the great professors — will tell you that gymnastics made up the larger and better part of Greek education; and that they are never making a better use of the ancient Greeks than when they are practising gymnastics. Athletic sports are always favourites with ladies, whose eyes 'rain influence.' I have no doub t that Nausicaa and her maidens watched Odysseus with the keenest interest, when, after Euryalus had defeated all his Phœnician competitors, and had jeered the 'trader' as unfit for a trial, he threw a disc bigger than any other that had been used, and far surpassing all the rest. After he had thrown the disc, Odysseus challenged them to 'come on,' with 'boxing, wrestling, running, archery, and spear-throwing,' or what they like. The degenerate moderns have nothing exactly parallel to throwing the disc and hurling the spear. Wrestling has pretty well gone out of fashion, although Mr. Tom Taylor. in his pretty play 'Handsome is that handsome does,' gave some specimens of north-country wrestlers to the Londoners, and even, it is said, imported his specimens from their native hills.

Yet it is odd to see that the University sports are so extremely recent; and that it is also within comparatively late years that these sports have attained, generally, their immense popularity. Athletics came in pretty much as Tubbing did. It is a melancholy fact that our grandfathers did not know how to scrub themselves properly. A taste for rough towels and hard brushes seems like a taste

for claret or Browning, to be an acquired and not a natural taste. There were always active men who took immense jumps, and some of these jumps were handed down as glorious traditions to undergraduate memory. As a matter of fact, until late years, there was not very much intercommunication between Oxford and Cambridge. We have changed and are changing our social habits very rapidly just now. Every man who takes an interest in a University as a University, makes a point of knowing both Oxford and Cambridge. The Cantabrigians quarter themselves on the Oxonians, and the Oxonians on the Cantabrigians, in the most amicable way. But this was by no means the case in the old coaching times. The mass of Oxford men did not know Cambridge, and the mass of Cambridge men did not know Oxford. Things became better when each University had its line to London; but though Paddington came natural enough to all, the Shoreditch station was, and is, an abomination to westenders. The Bletchley Junction route has brought the Universities together a good deal. Exeter College, in 1852, at that time very much consisting of nonreading men, started the first annual college meeting; but in 1863 Cambridge first formed a University Athletic Association. Oxford did not follow this example till 1866.

Since then the progress of athletic sports, all over the country, —we might even say all over the globe among the English speaking race—has been enormous. Still, it may be said that the chief interest belongs to the University match in April; and in the month of April the athletic season is rounded off. The public schools are the feeders of the Universities, and it must certainly be said that these matches have a high degree of interest and importance of their own. Sandhurst ranks beyond the public schools in priority of time; and Cheltenham College first thoroughly organized public school contests in a really thorough way. It is only fair to say that the head master on the modern side—Mr. Southwood, whose portrait so worthily adorns the big schoolroom—gave impetus to the Cheltonians, which gave an impetus to the other public schools. The London public schools — Westminster and Charterhouse—preceded Eton and Harrow, and have been followed by the celebrated London Athletic and other clubs. The athletic movement now pervades the provinces and the colonies. Everybody now looks out for the 'Fixtures,' and studies the Athletic almanac. We are by no means to suppose that the bôat-race is really superior to the athletic sports; and hereafter it may be that the winners of the British Olympic games will be represented in the Epinicia of some future Pindar, and their earliest annals be eagerly explored.

Nothing as a rule is more absurd than to watch a man in a state of training. The system of training is often very arbitrary; and men have to submit to be sworn at, as though they were pickpockets, in case they have been detected in eating pastry. But training is absolutely necessary; and it would be a good thing if the whole British race of *gourmand* and *gourmet* would submit to it. By training, a man is able to do easily and with little effort, what otherwise he might be unable to do, even after a dangerous spasmodic effort. In training a man picks up his first general notions about his health, and the relations which his out-

ward belongings bear to it. There is a great difference, however, between the way in which a University man trains and in which a 'cad' trains. A University man has to knock off his feed, but a poor man has to feed up—to imbibe the port and porter which the other must not touch. The prohibitions used to be remorseless, and the rules frequently vexatious; but men are now more sensible, and base their dietary on the food to which a man has been accustomed. Condiments are forbidden, as they provoke thirst, and formerly a man was limited in his fluids, but the barbarous and distressing custom of 'stinting the liquor' is pretty generally given up. Smoking is limited, but not altogether forbidden. The trainer shows a great deal of good sense, which society at large might profitably imitate. Take plenty of sleep, but not too much; don't get up too early; mind and tub; take tea in preference to coffee, and never touch spirits; don't take thick crusts, or cheese, or sugar, or butter. Sea-bathing is best, and next to that a weir or running stream, but avoid still water. The trainer judiciously pronounces that venison and champagne are the best possible diet for the trainee. There is a superstition in favour of eggs, which are said to improve the wind. It must be remembered that in training a man has to unbuild his ordinary heart and lungs, and build up another set that shall be most adapted for the special object which he has in view. The simple object is to reduce the fat and get up the muscle. Severe training often knocks up a man severely, but still oftener the going out of training, the violent indulgence in everything which has been forbidden, does much more harm. The training for athletic sports is quite as severe as for the boat-race: if there is a distinguishable shade, it is more severe. Of course for any systematic study of the subject we must go to Mr. Archibald Mc Laren's book on 'Training, in Theory and Practice;' whose writings on physical education, and gymnasium in Oxford, are so familiar to Oxonians.

There has been at least one peculiarly barbaric form of athletic sports in the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. This is not so much a trial of a man's strength and activity as of his heart, lungs, and digestion, and power of doing without sleep. The only authentic case I know, though perhaps there are some others, is the famous one of Captain Barclay, who was afterwards attaché in the Walcheren expedition. What really enabled him to pull through, and win his thousand guineas, was his excellent digestion. He would eat a roast fowl for breakfast, and a cold one for supper, besides making a substantial lunch and dinner. He trained for it, and of course took all the precautions, suiting his clothes to the varying autumn weather, always undressing before he took his eighty minutes' sleep, always wearing strong shoes and lambswool socks, and walking with a limp. We are not surprised to hear that he had most distressing spasmodic affections in the legs towards the last. When he had won his wager he took a hot bath and went to bed, where he slept for seventeen hours, just waking up once to take some gruel. Such absurd feats, and the barbaric element altogether, are eliminated from the university matches. Even boxing and single-stick, though common enough in men's rooms, are very properly not included in any inter-university matches.

Last year the Oxonians, who

had succumbed to the Cambridge oarsmen for the first time for so many years, were victorious by land, though conquered on water. In fact, Cambridge was licked as thoroughly as it could be. Cambridge then got the hurdle jump; but it got nothing more except a tie for the high jump. This year —the eighth annual contest—the Cambridge men have somewhat mended their position; but they are still left in the shade. We are not sorry that this crumb of comfort is left for the Oxford men, with whom the tide has changed, and who now seem setting in for a run of unlucky years on the water. An immense lot of people went down to see the sports; but when we find the 'Times' saying that there were four thousand people, and 'Land and Water,' that there were twelve thousand, we see how difficult it is to arrive at a correct estimate of figures. Special trains came down, and there was a good show of carriages. The Penthathlum seems fully to have struck the chord of popular favour. The Lillie Bridge ground of the Amateur A. C. was full. The 'fixture' of the day before the boat-race is a good choice. A fortnight before the Cambridge A. C. had had a wonderful day at Fenner's; and it was said that there had been such a race as had never been seen before at any University sports. A Third Trinity man (we think it best to keep clear of names—*fortisque Gyas fortisque Cloanthus* will do) had done the quarter-mile race in less than a minute—to speak precisely, in 49¾ seconds. Great things were naturally expected of this hero at West Brompton. The first event of the time was the hundred-yards race; and the Cantabs had the most eager hopes that their hero would beat the Oxford hero from Worcester College. The high jump fell to Cambridge, the Oxford jumper rather disappointing his friends. The next event — the quarter-mile—the Third Trinity man won easy, whereat there were great rejoicings, and things looked bright for Cambridge. In 'putting the weight,' however, Oxford reestablished the ratio of equality. Then came the exciting race of a mile, which Oxford won by eight yards. Oxford was now one point ahead, and the one became two in the wide jump. To get the odd event it would now be necessary for the Cambridge men to win the next three, which seemed hardly likely. Their chance was gone when there was next a dead heat in the hurdles; this was the best race of the day. Then came throwing the hammer, which the Cambridge man won. The chief event of the day, the three-mile race, was looked upon as a tolerable certainty for Cambridge, and would have given a tie by the result. The Oxford man won in a quarter of an hour less twenty-three seconds. So Oxford won five out of the nine, Cambridge three, and there was one dead heat.

University men are to be supposed to be well up in books—not alone 'the classical poets,' but

> 'The best books,
> Woman's looks;'

or, as another poet more prettily says—

> 'The fairest garden is her looks;
> And in her mind the sweetest books.'

but there is another bookmaker abroad trying to make gains out of our fine young fellows, and, worse than that, luring on University men in the same direction. Nobody objects to the modest skivs or even some quiet fivers—anything, in short, which a man might gaily lose and not feel the worse in head or heart for the loss of it; but it would be an immense pity that there should be any plunging,

most of all if any of the gallant young fellows should plunge. The University men, at the billiard match last year, indulged in 'noisy and unseemly fiascos;' but everything was quiet and decorous this year—indeed, on the second day of the billiard match, positively dull. An immense amount of money changes hands on the boat-race, although no event is really more uncertain. It curiously illustrates the popularity of the boat-race, that very little business can be done that day on the Stock Exchange.

Then Oxford has not, as last year, had any bit of comfort in the billiard match. The double billiard match, on the evening of the first, resulted in a victory to the dark blue by twenty-seven points; but it must be owned that, though a few splendid long-shot cannons were effected, the playing was but dull, and it took an immense time to make the total 500. Next day this was altogether reversed, when, in the single match Cambridge scored an easy victory by 100 points. Both Universities did extremely well in the contest for the athletic championship.

To speak of University matches without discussing the boat-race, may seem very much like the representation of 'Hamlet' with the character of Hamlet omitted; but the boat-race has often been considered *per se;* and athletic sports with much in common must on this occasion be specially noted. The present writer, an Oxford man, was really very glad that Cambridge won the boat-race last year; but he is now of opinion that they are carrying the joke too far. The uniform defeat of Cambridge had so disheartened the men, that it is infinitely to their credit that they persevered, and have so signally succeeded in reversing the tide of fortune. It must not, however, be forgotten that an Oxford man generously taught his opponents how to win. The fact is, that the Cambridge men have picked up the good points of the Oxonians, and the Oxford men have fallen into the former errors of their predecessors. There was something thoroughly Germanic in the ease, skill, and caution of the victors this year, though it will by no means be thought that there was anything Gallic about the losers. It was a magnificent race, nobly contested; but both the victory and the defeat were thorough. The rowing of each stroke was magnificent; and as a whole, the race was, perhaps, the finest known for years. The final Oxford spurt was extraordinary. But the Oxford men were perhaps not lucky, in that state of tide, in choosing the Middlesex side; and they blundered about their choice of a boat, and at one time were ill steered, and at another got wild in their rowing. All remediable errors will be remedied next year. At the same time, as the wise old Greek said, it is by far the best that events should fall out ἐνάλλαξ, that is to say, with a variation, with chequered fortune —best for the British public, and best for the gallant oarsmen themselves.

THE AUTHOR OF 'VIVIAN GREY' AND 'LOTHAIR.'

A Contrast of Forty Years.

ABOUT forty years ago the fashionable system of London society might be said to have consisted of three separate spheres, each of them brilliant, fascinating, and famous. Over one presided Lady Holland, over the second the Countess of Charleville, and over the third—the most celebrated, perhaps, of the glittering trio — Marguerite, Countess of Blessington. Amid a multitude of differences in their characters, ambitions, and careers, these ladies, whose names are now historical, still possessed certain points in common. It was the object alike of each to adorn the social world in which she was acknowledged supreme, with all that was best and choicest of the wit, intellect, and beauty of the day. There was an identity in the mission which each of these three titled dames considered she was destined to fulfil, and if there was any disparity in the results which each separately secured, there was at least no antagonism between the means that were employed. Doubtless the aspirations of Lady Holland, Lady Charleville, and Lady Blessington were primarily selfish; but they were imbued with no small measure of generosity and beneficence as well. Each sought to be sole and exclusive arbitress in her own world; but each knew that it was only by harmony and union amongst her subjects that her paramount sovereignty could be achieved. If no despotism could be more absolute than that exercised by the empress of Seamore Place, or the queen of Holland House, their followers could have experienced no form of social tyranny more entirely productive of comfort to themselves. The authority of these queens of society rested upon a basis of mutual tolerance and esteem, enforced as the prime regulating principles of intercourse upon the various members of the crowds who periodically thronged the *salon* in Kensington, or the drawing-room in Mayfair. To rally round her all the available representatives of wit, intellect, fame, and to elicit from every social atom, whatever its kind or value, any species of talent latent within—that was one object held equally in view by Lady Blessington, Lady Holland, and Lady Charleville. To endeavour to bring about a pleasant *rapprochement* between men of letters, science, or art, hitherto unacquainted, estranged, or isolated,—to establish between them kindly and humane sentiments, or to restore those sentiments when they had once been broken—that was the second aspiration which these social potentates cherished. Thus the *salons* of Holland House, Seamore Place first, and Gore House afterwards, and Charleville House exhibited the joyful results of a happy union between the spirit of personal ambition and general philanthropy. If it is disputed which could best lay claim to the latter character, it must be remembered that, as a matter of fact, Holland House and Charleville House gradually assumed a special political complexion. This could never be said of the drawing-room of the Countess of Blessington. It retained its features of brilliant catholicity to the last.

It may perhaps seem strange that the present time should be

so entirely without anything like adequate antitypes of these famous ladies, with their supreme and undisputed social sway, their glittering and historical social rendezvous. The late Lady Palmerston was perhaps the last of a race of aristocratic dames that has now become extinct, and her death marked the close of an era in political sociology. The famous Wednesday evenings which used to be celebrated in the *salons* of Cambridge House take us back to an epoch which has conclusively vanished from among us, and are about the most recent instances we have of direct drawing-room influence upon political life. Political drawing-rooms, in one sense, we may still have, and an age when the struggle for womanhood suffrage is actively developed is not likely to be wanting in the chatter of statesmanship, or the garrulous criticism of stateswomen. Lady Palmerston was not indeed a second Princess di Borgo. She was by no means the centre of such a brilliant galaxy of birth, beauty, wit, and wealth, as once, in the impressive language of Macaulay, circled round Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire. She had no claim to be considered the Lady Holland of the present day. Still Lady Palmerston was a social power, just as her drawing-room was a fact by no means devoid of political significance. She established for herself a mission and a function, and she discharged them both completely. Possibly, there were certain circumstances —such for instance as the absence of her Majesty from the court of St. James's—that may have conspired to give exceptional importance, and impart political prestige to the *salons* of a leader of society, who happened also to be the wife of a prime minister. However this may be, Lady Palmerston's evenings speedily acquired a reputation; they were the social rallying-ground and rendezvous of the Liberal party, and it is quite certain that much of the compactness and cohesion which characterised Lord Palmerston's followers as a body was the result, not merely of the personal popularity or political address of the Premier, but of the pleasant reunions at Cambridge House, and of the tact, feminine insight, and discrimination of the hostess. Political clubs are mighty instruments in inspiring a political party with a sense of union and harmony; it is the drawing-room which completes and perfects the work that the club has begun. That our social and political life should mutually interpenetrate, and act and react upon each other, is only what a knowledge of the English character would lead us to expect. The notion of making the *salon* subservient to some other end than the momentary gratification of the butterflies of fashion is the inevitable result of a recognition of this truth. A certain well-known Eton head-master was fond of propounding a celebrated chain of argument, which went distinctly and irrefutably to prove that the learned gentleman in question was the real and final ruler of the world. By a similar piece of ratiocination it might be possible to demonstrate that the ultimate supremacy in all matters of mundane management was vested in the hands of ladies. However this may be, the influence of Viscountess Palmerston upon political matters was no mere fiction, and it would require no very fanciful adherence to what Carlyle has described as the anecdotical method of regarding history to trace back many instances of the patient harmony of the Liberals under

the Palmerstonian *régime* to the evenings at Cambridge House. It was these which smoothed the rough ways of political discipline, which made the heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, imposed by the official whip, seem light; which softened the asperities of the work of the session, and shed a pleasant light upon the uninteresting landscape of parliamentary routine.

A variety of reasons might be alleged why such women as Lady Blessington and Lady Holland are without any natural successors. Society has experienced an enormous extension; its circles have acquired both expansion and numbers; the entire social fabric has become unmanageably cumbrous, and like the Roman Empire, almost seems to be destroyed beneath the weight of its own greatness. It may be, too, that the democratic tendencies of the times are reflected in our social movements, and that the multitude of those ladies, who aspire to be leaders of society, would regard with indignation and jealousy the invidious enthronement of some two or three of their number as recognised social queens, before whom all were to bow the knee. One more reason we will state, to which it certainly seems allowable to attach more weight than to any of those already enumerated. The social sovereignty exercised by the distinguished ladies whom we have hitherto had in view, was, it must be remembered, a sovereignty resting upon a basis of personal ability, accomplishments, and charms. Unless Lady Blessington and Lady Holland had been conspicuous for the perfection of their manner, and the graceful spell of their conversation, they would have found no willing host of subjects to give them their allegiance. If society now is without the social queens of a past *régime*, it is surely in no slight degree because those who might be its queens have not the abilities requisite for sovereignty. We are willing to believe that within the last thirty years the standard of womanly knowledge may have been greatly elevated; but how as regards the standard of womanly grace, and most of all, that special grace which is born of conversational excellence, and conversational tact? A rigid course of school-girl cram may produce an extensive smattering of erudition. But artificial erudition is not general cultivation, and artificial erudition can never develop a genuine queen of society.

Seamore Place, the villa Belvidere at Naples, the Palazzo Negrone at Rome, Gore House Kensington—all these have successively been immortalized by the brilliant countess, to the first of whose residences as above enumerated we now propose introducing the reader. It is the height of the London season some forty years since, and we are standing in a long library in the mansion in Seamore Place, whose sides are alternately covered with rows of magnificently bound books, and gorgeously framed mirrors. The window, which is deep and runs the entire breadth of the room, opens upon Hyde Park. We have before us a letter written by a gentleman at the time describing his introduction to Lady Blessington in this very room, and from that letter we will venture to quote: 'The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one; a woman of remarkable beauty, half-buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sump-

tuousness through the room; grand tables covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately afterwards, she presented me to Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen.' There was no other room in Europe which could boast of witnessing more brilliant *réunions* than those which were then in the habit of frequently assembling in that library in Seamore Place. Subsequently Gore House, to which the Countess of Blessington removed in 1836, was graced by a company more distinguished perhaps than that which met at her first residence but not more brilliant or attractive. The illustrious hostess was tried by troubles and cares which oppressed her manner if they did not visibly cloud her face. She had ceased to speak of books with attractive diffidence, or of men with deference. Her manner was dogmatic, and her perpetual strain after epigram and smartness was sometimes unwelcome and always apparent. A higher class of intellectual celebrities met at her soirées than formerly. The rendezvous themselves had lost their old enlivening gaiety, and the droll humour which filled the library at Seamore Place with constant laughter was altogether lost in the salons of Gore House.

If we would endeavour to picture Lady Blessington to ourselves at her brightest and her best we must go to her first and least showy of London residences. It is one of her reception nights. She has received a favoured few at dinner first, and now as the night comes on her rooms begin to fill. The salon glitters with stars, and is resplendent with orders of every kind. Not a nation of the civilized world is without its representative. There are foreign Counts, who have achieved eminence, and who speak every European language, attachés, ambassadors, and princes. There, stands the greatest capitalist in the world, the original, possibly of Sidonia of 'Coningsby' fame; and there, in groups at intervals round the apartment, are met together all that is most eminent in every possible department and kind of excellence and skill in England. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, who has just won his spurs by his novel 'Pelham,' enters with an attractive frankness, and is received with *empressement* by the noble hostess. That speaker yonder with the merry eye and the Bacchus head is Tom Moore, criticising the *personnel* of the English House of Commons and discussing the condition of Ireland. 'The great period of Ireland's glory,' you may hear him say, 'was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand.' A volley of well-bred laughter draws your attention to another portion of the room; you look up and you see Theodore Hook, the Lucian Gay of 'Coningsby,' (a novel which, like the receipt for the famous Tomahawk Punch in 'Vivian Grey,' has yet to be developed) with his hand on Lord Canterbury's sleeve, narrating the incidents of the last practical joke, or expatiating upon the theme of some new political squib for the 'Examiner.' A little bit to the left you have Horace Smith, one of the authors of rejected addresses,

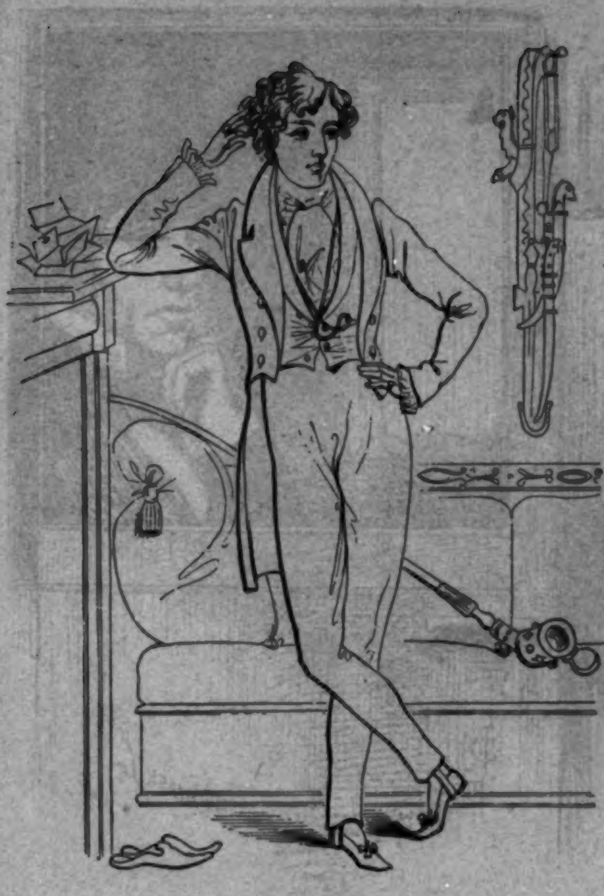
playing rather an *aside* in the conversation, interpolating a pun or a witticism whenever he gets a chance, but more a listener than a talker. There, is a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople; and there, Henry Bulwer (to-day Lord Dalling) discussing with great earnestness the last speech of Daniel O'Connell. Scattered about the room are such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Strangford, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Henry Luttrell—the 'wit among lords, and the lord among wits'—the Hon. W. R. Spencer, and Captain Marryatt.

Two persons of different ages and different appearance indeed, yet not without a strong mutual resemblance of feature, enter, and remind us by the announcement of their names that we have already delayed too long over the preliminaries of the subject of this article. The pair are Mr. Disraeli the older and Mr. Disraeli the younger; and Lady Blessington receives them both with conspicuous welcome. It was only the other day that her ladyship was mentioning to a visitor how delightful it was to witness the old man's pride in his clever young son, and the son's respect and affection for his father. Mr. Disraeli *père* is just now engaged in collecting materials for an exceedingly elaborate and comprehensive 'History of English Literature'—one of those books unfortunately which are destined never to advance beyond the stage of design. Mr. Disraeli *fils*, Disraeli 'the younger,' as you may read his name on the title-page of his new, and soon to be issued, volume, has lately made a trimphantly successful *début* in the arena of authorship. 'Vivian Grey' is the talk of the town. Who is the Marquis of Carabas? Can it be possible that Lord Courtown is really Sir ——? And does the dangerous young author mean by Mr. Cleveland none other than ——? And then who are all German duchy celebrities? And if it comes to that, who is 'Vivian Grey' himself? These are the questions which sapient London is asking itself, and every day rejecting answers by the score, or framing new ones which are certain to meet with a similar destiny of repudiation tomorrow.

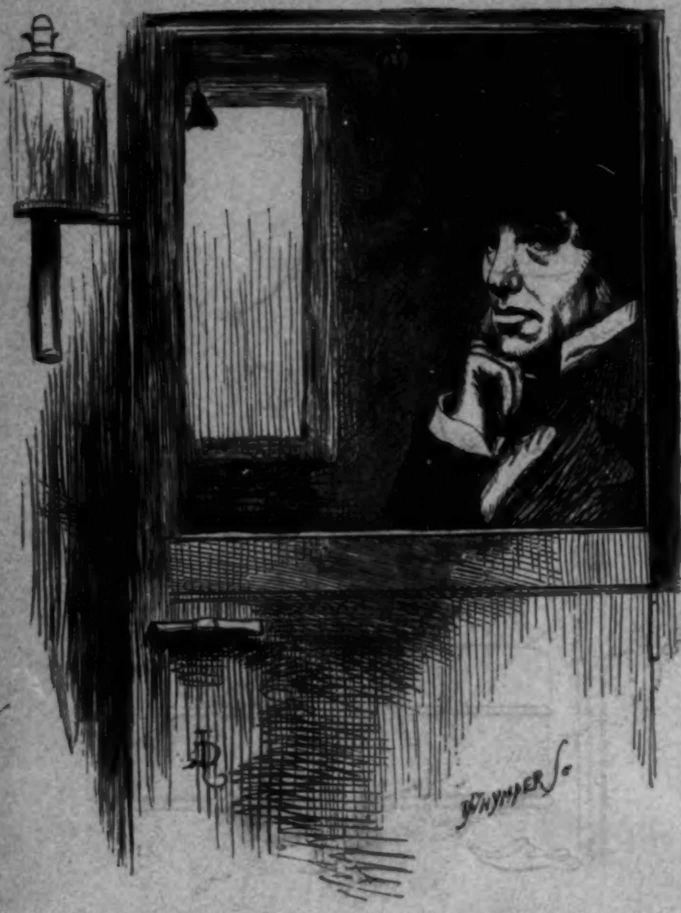
Just at this moment we will not puzzle ourselves with the interrogations as to who Mr. Vivian Grey is or is not: we may as well occupy ourselves with taking some personal observations as to the creator of Mr. Vivian Grey. And there he stands,—'Disraeli the younger.' He has taken up his position in front of his hostess' mantel-piece, and you may note the clever young man at your leisure. Everyone is looking at him tonight; for Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has made a sensation, and sensation is what society loves, and of whose author it invariably makes a hero. It is possible that if we were to project ourselves somewhat forward in the course of time, and to glance at the costume of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli by the light of some ridiculously advanced date in the world's history, say A.D. 1871, if our island is not by that time sunk deep in the sea's profound, we should pronounce it a trifle peculiar, antiquated perhaps. Now it is simply the highest mode and the newest fashion, for the famous young author of 'Vivian Grey' has a dash of the dandy about him. But, after all, it is the face which attracts and even fascinates you more than the dress. A countenance lividly pale—till you hear the ringing voice and know the energy of the lungs which it implies, you might fancy

the brilliant young writer was the victim of a slowly but fatally wasting consumption:—eyes black as the night, that glisten forth from their recesses with an expression of mingled mockery and ambuscade; a lofty forehead, and an unmistakably intellectual brow, above which is an opulent mass of jet black hair flowing in ringlets over his left cheek to his almost collarless stock, while on the left it is parted and put away with a girlish carefulness. The coat is the coat of any ordinary civilian of the times, but not the waistcoat—a marvellous vest in truth, gleaming in the wax lights with its splendid embroidery of gorgeous gold flowers. Add to these, patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a mysterious complication of gold chains in the region of his neck and pockets—and you have a faithful picture of Disraeli the younger, author of 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming, or the Psychological Romance.'

What is there in Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's presence or manner to remind us of his identity with the author of 'Vivian Grey,' or to convey to us any intimation of coming political greatness, or future public pre-eminence? You fancy you can discover in the dress of the young celebrity traces of foppishness: but there is nothing of the fribble in his demeanour. It was only a few nights ago that Lady Blessington was describing him as being 'quite his own character of Vivian Grey: full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good-nature and a perfect frankness of character.' Mr. Horace Grey, Vivian's father, warns his son to profit by the fable of 'Memnon, or a Youth too Forward;' but there is nothing in the air of Disraeli the younger which bespeaks the forwardness of youth. Reserve, reticence, and hauteur—those are the three most prominent characteristics of the young man; yet you cannot watch him for a moment without experiencing a sense of his watchless and penetrating observation. The keen glance of those black eyes nothing escapes. 'To govern men one must know men: to know one must observe;' here is one of the principles of action which has been already stereotyped in the mind of the son of the student who wrote the 'Curiosities of Literature.' But the young man can and will talk when occasion arises. The truth is he has learned that there are two sorts of eloquence—the eloquence of silence and the eloquence of speech: and he can judge of the seasons at which they are each of them respectively seasonable. Presently the conversation turns upon the theme of Beckford of Fonthill, author of 'Vathek,' his magnificent madnesses, and the quaint splendour of his life. Disraeli the younger alone of those in the group knows Beckford. He is master of his subject, and he commences to discourse upon it with a minuteness of detail, and a vigour of rhetoric which carry those who are standing by completely away. 'I might as well'—we quote from the letter still before us of the same writer and acute observer, whose words we have already cited—'attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were at least five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others apparently would so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action,



THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."
From a Sketch by the late D. MACLISE, R.A.
1830.



THE AUTHOR OF "LOTHAIR."
By JOHN GILBERT.
1870.

and the utmost energy of expression flung out into every burst. Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came next under discussion; and Disraeli, who was fired by his own eloquence, started off, *àpropos des bottes*, with a long story of empalement he had seen in Upper Egypt. It was as good and perhaps as authentic as the description of the chow-chow-tow in "Vivian Grey." The circumstantiality of the account was equally horrible and amusing. Then followed the sufferer's history, with a score of murders and barbarities heaped together, like Martin's Feast of Belshazzar, with a mixture of horror and splendour that was unparalleled in my experience of improvisation. No mystic priest of the Corybantes could have worked himself up into a finer frenzy of language.' These are the words of one who was himself a hearer of the conversation here referred to, and they are not without their interest.

We have headed this article 'A Contrast;' and the title is the more closely enforced by the two illustrations which accompany it. The truth is that Mr. Disraeli's entire career is one continued series of contrasts. We are now only glancing at those which, by virtue of their historical position, are the most conspicuous and strongly defined. We are looking at the first and latest scenes in Mr. Disraeli's public and political life. The right honourable senator in his brougham in Bond Street may be the living antithesis of the curled young exquisite in Lady Blessington's salon; but the former is not the less the natural development of the latter for all that. In the realities of Mr. Disraeli's manhood the ideals of his youth are accomplished. When 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming' were written their brilliant young author neglected to take heedful note of the inevitable interval between ambition and achievement. The dreams of power and influence, which are shadowed forth in the psychological romance, have taken form and substance, as consummated truths with the author of 'Lothair.' The contrast, such as it is, is the contrast between the vision of aspiration and the fruit of action: and the great statesman is the logical outcome of the romantic youth. The wildest of Mr. Disraeli's youthful romances have been but the spiritualized exaggerations of actual life. 'Contarini Fleming' is sonorously pronounced by its author to be a 'history of the formation and the development of the poetic character.' As a matter of fact the pretensions are not justified by the book. 'Contarini Fleming' is the autobiography of a youth who abandons the impalpable day dreams of a visionary for the tangible gratifications of political power. He is a great man, Mr. Disraeli has told us in 'Coningsby,' who is able to sway his fellow men, and mould them to his sovereign will. The key-note of all Mr. Disraeli's novels, of the careers of all his heroes, is also the key-note of Mr. Disraeli's life—the acquisition of power and the possession of influence. 'The moment that he entered society his thoughtful face would break into a fascinating smile, and he listened with interest to the tales of levity and joined with readiness in each frivolous pursuit. He was sumptuary in his habits and was said to be even voluptuary. Perhaps he affected gallantry *because he was deeply impressed with the influence of women both upon public and private opinion.* With them he was a universal favourite; and as you beheld him assenting with convic-

tion to their gay or serious nonsense, and waving with studied grace his perfumed handkerchief in his delicately-white and jewelled hand, you might have supposed him for a moment a consummate lord chamberlain—but only for a moment, for had you caught his eye you had withdrawn your gaze with precipitation and perhaps with awe. For the rest he spoke all languages, never lost his self-possession, and never displayed a spark of strong feeling.' So writes Mr. Disraeli in the psychological romance, and the words are significant as showing us the ideal of the author.

This interpenetration of the glowingly poetic with the eminently practical in Mr. Disraeli's writings, this admixture of hyperbolical travesty and cool, cutting, practical *savoir faire*, may well prepare us for the contrast which many people may fancy they discern between the author of 'Vivian Grey' and of 'Lothair.' If the former of these two elements pervades Mr. Disraeli's writings, the latter is omnipresent as well. 'Parcel out your morning for your separate masters. Rise early and regularly, and read for three hours. Read the memoir of the Cardinal de Retz—the life of Richelieu—everything about Napoleon: read works of that kind. Strelamb shall prepare you a list. Read no history. Nothing but biography, for that is life without theory. Then fence. Talk one hour with your French master, but do not throw the burthen of your conversation on him,' &c., &c. Such is the advice given to and acted upon by the youth who is the embodiment of the poetic character. If the practical element in 'Contarini Fleming' is so strong may we not also, *en passant*, remark that it is not without the prophetic? 'Baron Fleming was looked upon by his brother nobles with a jealous eye, and, although not unwilling to profit by his labours, they were chary of allowing them too uncontrolled a scope. He was talked of as a new man: he was treated as scarcely national. The state was not to be placed at the disposal of an adventurer. He was not one of themselves. It was a fatal precedent that the veins of the prime minister should be filled with any other blood, but that of their ancient order.'

A contrast there indeed is between the position of the writer of 'Vivian Grey' and that of the writer of 'Lothair;' but it is not a contrast of surprise. On the contrary, it would have been strange if the lad who wrote the former of these works had not in time emerged to the dignity which clothes the statesman who wrote the latter. The magnificently-arrayed young gentleman whom we have seen in Lady Blessington's salon gave us ample promise of performance which should bring any honours of public life within his grasp that he might wish to achieve. If Mr. Disraeli had been able or cared to divest himself of some attributes of clever impetuosity, and to employ more of cunning, his political success might have been accomplished long before it actually was. A contrast these two sketches certainly; but it is simply the contrast between youth and manhood: between anticipation and fulfilment: it is the contrast which every progression exhibits: it is not the contrast of negation. In support of our position let us examine matters a little more closely; let us investigate, as minutely as possible, the relation in which Mr. Disraeli of 'Vivian Grey' notoriety stands to Mr. Disraeli of 'Lothair' renown; what and how significant is the interval of space which separates

the Disraeli the younger of Lady Blessington's drawing-room in Seamore Place, from the Disraeli of the brougham in Bond Street, the ex-Premier, and the acknowledged head of the Conservative, or, as we would rather say, of the Tory party. Stated briefly, of what must the contrast between the Mr. Disraeli of 'Vivian Grey' and of 'Lothair' be considered symbolical? Of the antithesis which is offered by inexperience to experience, and by sound practical wisdom to fantastic exaggeration. Whether the impression made by Mr. Disraeli's 'Vivian Greyisms' has acted unfavourably for him upon the public mind may be a moot point; but it is quite certain that this novel contains the first germs of Mr. Disraeli's future vigour and power. We are not going to examine the mechanism of this or any other of Mr. Disraeli's works; neither shall we open up the profitless question as to how far some of the fictions of this eminent writer may or may not be considered autobiographical. What we are here concerned with is the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli at two different stages of his career with the interval of forty years between them. As to how far the one picture may be said to contain the promise of the other we have already expressed our opinion. In what essential respects, if in any, does the latter portraiture resemble the earlier? What features have been wholly obliterated by the lapse of time, or, on the other hand are there any which have been brought out into stronger relief?

Every great poet, it has been said, must partially create the taste by which he is enjoyed; and the remark is eminently true of Mr. Disraeli's popularity. Mr. Disraeli has created the taste for Disraelism. 'Vivian Grey' was the intellectual relish which provoked the public appetite. Mr. Disraeli has achieved eminence not in spite of the shock of surprise which that 'novel by a boy' administered to the world, but in virtue of continuing the impression of that shock by pursuing the method of its production. The audacious originality which characterised the youthful novelist, characterise equally the complete and maturer statesman. Nothing is more remarkable than the continuity of Mr. Disraeli's intellectual life and development. The expansion and the enforcement of his public views and political doctrines have been strictly logical processes. Were the dreams of his youth extravagant? But who shall say that they are not the realities of his manhood? As a political thinker, Mr. Disraeli has been both consistent and sincere. The fantastic theories and the wild dreams of 'Vivian Grey,' 'Contarini Fleming,'—even of the 'Revolutionary Epic'—have been crystallized into the compact principles of the statesman's policy. They have not been abandoned. Here and there a semblance of absurdity has fallen away, and an excrescence of impossible exaggeration has been pruned off. The wild imagination of youth has been subdued by the tempering discipline of experience. Ends that, when enounced in their crude shape, were asserted by the world to have been impracticable, have been steadily followed out by the statesman, and many of them have been attained. The ambition has been accomplished: only its vaunting pride, which on Mr. Disraeli's first entrance into public life overleapt itself, and threatened to land its rider in a bottomless pit of bathos, has been abandoned. The author of Vivian Grey made the mistake of supposing that the same qualities which had gained

him notoriety as a novelist, would give him fame and influence as a senator. He discovered the mistake, and he rectified it. The world, like nature, can only be subdued by obedience to its laws. Mr. Disraeli has been able to so conspicuous an extent to gratify his pet political instincts by moderating his impulses.

Mr. Disraeli at the time he was chiefly known as the author of 'Vivian Grey,' experienced his memorable failure on the occasion of his first debût in the House of Commons, for reasons which a little consideration will render sufficiently obvious. The romances of Mr. Disraeli had produced an immense effect upon the public by the startling novelty of their diction. It was precisely the startling novelty of Mr. Disraeli's rhetoric which gained him such a reception of laughter when he first rose to address the English House of Commons. Again, there are two features in the earlier portion of Mr. Disraeli's career, each of them prolific sources of his political non-success. In the first place, his ardent spirit and imaginative temperament caused him to look at surrounding things through a medium of falsity. He combated foes who were but the phantoms of his own spectral creation. His teeming mind opposed him to a multitude of non-existent enemies and unreal obstacles. The consequence was that he expended his force upon air. This was highly profitless and imprudent. The House of Commons—an eminently prudential assemblage—dislikes and despises nothing so much as needless effort, or as effort unattended by effect. Therefore it laughed down the quixotism of the knight who ran a-tilt at political windmills. In the second place, Mr. Disraeli, of 'Vivian Grey' renown, did not on his first entrance into public life, sufficiently realize the necessity of what we may call a correlation of political force,—did not sufficiently proportion the strength which he put forth, to the object upon which it was employed. Like a young and fiery steed, who when he leaps a low hurdle, rises high enough to clear a Galway stone wall, Mr. Disraeli was perpetually employing, for the compassing of simple and every-day ends, intellectual faculties whose exercise could only be warranted when the ambition was of the most transcendant character. The author of 'Lothair' has changed all this: he has learnt the lesson of the economy of strength, and of the necessity of the correlation of political force: he has ceased to charge windmills, and he no longer rides his steed at a gutter with the overwhelming onset which would be sufficient to take him across the Whissendine brook. For more than a year and a half after the young member for Maidstone had resumed his seat on the benches of the House of Commons, amid volleys of inextinguishable laughter, with the memorable words, 'The time will come when you will listen to me,' Mr. Disraeli was almost wholly a silent member. He subjected himself to a searching course of political study and discipline; he devoted days and nights to the perusal of the masters of modern oratory; he familiarized himself with all the details of Parliamentary procedure and routine. He renounced nothing of his originality, nor its audacity; but he clipped it of the mouthing and the grandiloquence whose reward had been derision only. In July, 1839, he had won a favourable estimate in the House. In 1841, he was a frequent, effective, and popular speaker. 'From the moment,' remarks a well-known political writer, 'that Mr. Disraeli

set up for himself tangible and practical aims, proportioning his efforts to his power, and to the histories of his contemporaries, training and disciplining his mind in recognized formularies, and perfecting his talents by comparison and emulation with established models, all that was wild, visionary, and, in some respects, ludicrous in his former proceedings, becomes obliterated from the view; until, having discarded all that brass which he in vain strove to make pass for current coin, he is enabled, out of what is really a small portion of sterling capital, to accumulate so large a proportion of influence and fame. His career is, in fact, an example and a warning.'

We have spoken of the thread of continuity which runs through the intellectual life and the political thought of the author of 'Vivian Grey' and 'Lothair.' In 1835 was published, and dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, the 'Vindication of the British Constitution,' a pamphlet chiefly remarkable because it is the avant courier of all the most important doctrines illustrated and established at greater length in 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil,'—doctrines which have been the guiding principles of the career of the statesman. Whether we examine the political creed of Mr. Disraeli as author of 'Vivian Grey,' 'Coningsby,' or 'Lothair,' we shall find that its most important articles have always remained the same. The fundamental tenet of Mr. Disraeli—the great starting-point, and the goal as well, of all his public efforts—has been hatred of an oligarchy which secures its position at the expense of the crown. Whether the oligarchy be Tory or Whig has never made any difference in Mr. Disraeli's eyes. George III., Mr. Disraeli has reminded us, struggled hard not to be a Doge beneath the control of an omnipotent council of ten. Had his two successors, George IV. and William IV., been cast in the same mould as their father, and made of the same strong material, subsequent course of English history might have been changed. That before England can be a perfectly happy country the functions of the crown, the aristocracy and the church, must be clearly defined and faithfully fulfilled, these were the central theories on which Mr. Disraeli insisted when he was the rejected of High Wycombe and of Taunton, which he has elaborated in his famous trilogy of novels, upon which he has acted throughout the entire course of his political life, and to which he clings as much in his character of author of 'Lothair' as in that of author of 'Vivian Grey.'

'It will be seen,' wrote Mr. Disraeli in his preface to the new edition of his novels now publishing, 'that the general spirit of these productions' (*i.e.*, 'Coningsby,' 'Sibyl,' 'Tancred') 'ran counter to the views which had been long prevalent in England, and which may be popularly, though not altogether accurately, described as utilitarian. They recognised imagination in the government of nations as a quality not less important than reason.' Mr. Disraeli has been loyal to the imaginings of his younger days, and what he then saw only in imagination he has lived to see in fact. It is easy enough to discern material for ridicule in the Young Englandism of Mr. Disraeli. But Young Englandism has been a success for all that. Its avowed objects, its precise aims, its fantastic purposes, may not have become achievements, but it has succeeded in letter if not in spirit. A clever and congenial critic of

Mr. Disraeli's life, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, has well said that its sentiment was true. Capital fun may be made, no doubt, out of the romantic extravagance of Young England as represented by Coningsby, Milbank, Buckhurst, Harry Sydney, or Eustace Lyle; but the views attributed to Young England were eminently humanising, and they were not disseminated to no effect amongst the rising generation. 'What has mainly led,' we quote again from Mr. Disraeli's new preface, 'to the confusion of public thought and the uneasiness of society is our habitual carelessness in not distinguishing between the excellence of a principle and its injurious or obsolete application. The general system may have worn out, but its main principle that the tenure of property should be the fulfilment of duty is the essence of good government.' Exactly this kind of argument may be applied to Young Englandism. The revival of ancient customs and exploded usages may be extravagant enough, but the revival of the spirit which these usages and customs symbolised is highly beneficent and not extravagant in the slightest degree. That spirit was the existence of a better feeling between the different orders of society, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. What are the relations that ought to exist between governor and governed, between crown and people, landlord and tenant, clergy and parishioner?—these are the questions that are asked and answered in Mr. Disraeli's trilogy of romances. The answer has not been fruitless in results, and the results have been the reforming of society.

Once more we turn to the portraits, placed in immediate juxtaposition, with which we have accompanied this article, and once more we seek to identify the earlier with the later. We have said enough to render the process of identification easy. Vivian Grey breathes again in Lothair, though with a difference and—a contrast. But it is the contrast of development rather than of metamorphosis. Between a stripling who has just written an undeniably clever but in parts utterly preposterous novel, who has as yet barely got his foot upon the first step of the ladder of public power and political fame, and the statesman who has in his time reorganised a great political party, mastered all the difficulties of political life, familiarised himself with all the labours of administration, given titles and conferred dignities, made baronets, peers, dukes, bishops, and even selected the primate himself, occupied important places in three different ministries, and finally by winning the premiership acquired the highest post which can be conferred on an Englishman, himself no Englishman at all,—between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed. But it is a gulf whose bridgment the years that bring the philosophic mind, a resolute determination to succeed which exhibited itself from the very first are quite enough to explain. There are two or three closing reflections which this contrast between the Mr. Disraeli of 'Vivian Grey' and the Mr. Disraeli of 'Lothair' may suggest, as well as facts of which it may serve to remind us. There is no word which has so often been applied to the illustrious subject of our remarks as 'adventurer.' From the language employed by a host of uninformed and ill-bred writers it might be supposed that Mr. Disraeli commenced life without anything save his brains, without friends, without connection, with-

out means, without rank; that he has had throughout to struggle with difficulties both social and financial, well-nigh overwhelming in their nature; that he has eaten the bread of poverty, and been the needy creature of his superiors. On these points let us endeavour to correct public opinion and enlighten popular ignorance. Is it likely that a young gentleman who had the entrée of the best society in London, who lounges, as we have seen him, in and out of Lady Blessington's drawing-room whenever he pleases, who has, while a mere youth, men such as D'Orsay for his intimates, whose father can introduce him to the most considerable people in the kingdom, and who does introduce him—is it likely that this young man should be either impecunious or friendless? On the contrary, from the very first Disraeli the younger was the favourite of fortune. His father was well off, his son was always more than liberally allowanced. Isaac Disraeli's house was frequented by the most eminent people of the day, and by visitors of the very highest rank. Where Disraeli the elder went there went also Disraeli the son. He was exceedingly popular in his manner; his society was universally sought after, and it has only been his dogged determination of purpose which has enabled him to devote so much of his time to the laborious and exhausting pursuits of his career. In a man so circumstanced by nature and by fortune where can we find the marks of an adventurer? Fame, notoriety, these were the two objects which Mr. Disraeli has striven so hard and with success so magnificent to gratify. The example is one which may be emulated by many another young man; but it is quite impossible that it should be emulated by any one who can start from a more conspicuous vantage ground.

In the letter descriptive of Disraeli the younger in Lady Blessington's salon, already quoted by us in the course of this article, it was mentioned, *apropos* of his conversational style, that 'there were at least five words in every sentence, which must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to.' This peculiar use of epithets is a prominent feature in the conversation of the author of 'Lothair,' just as it was in that of the author of 'Vivian Grey.' Not long since Mr. Disraeli, when on a visit to the magnificent seat of a certain nobleman in the south of England, declared that the 'atmosphere was clinical.' What he meant it is quite certain that none of the assembled company knew, and it may be even questioned whether Mr. Disraeli knew himself. In the same way we are told of a 'gay, festive, and *cordial* scene;' of '*fond* and fine harvestmen,' while amongst many words which Mr. Disraeli employs with a peculiar significance, and in a singular context may be instanced 'eminent,' and 'career.'

If we look at the nobler qualities of human nature we shall fail to prove in respect of these any contrast between the author of 'Vivian Grey' and 'Lothair. Mr. Disraeli's writings have always been pure and elevating in tone. The characters which he has selected for eulogy, or the models which he has held up for imitation have all been of an ennobling kind. The atmosphere into which he introduces us is healthy and sweet. His husbands are honest, his wives are true, his maidens are pure, and his lads are ingenuous. He has never written a word which a father would not read to his daughter, or a lover to his betrothed. And in 'Vivian Grey'

and 'Lothair' alike there is the same chivalry of sentiment, the same generosity of soul. The same loyalty to the cause of friendship. There is nothing more interesting in Mr. Disraeli's history than his devotion to and his championship of those whose friendship he has made. In his biography of Lord George Bentinck, professedly a panegyric as that biography is, there is not a word which savours of fulsome insincerity. We will close this article with a third extract from the preface to the popular edition of 'Lothair,' which indicates some of the most pleasantly characteristic qualities of Mr. Disraeli such as those to which we have just adverted:—'They (*i.e.* 'Henrietta Temple,' and 'Venetia') were inscribed to two friends, the best I ever had, and not the least gifted. One was the inimitable D'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this century, who, with the form and universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind. The other was one who had enjoyed that public opportunity which had been denied to Comte d'Orsay. The world has recognised the political courage, the versatile ability, and the masculine eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst, but his intimates only were acquainted with the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, his ripe scholarship, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit.'

CORISANDE'S GARDEN.

'No flowers are admitted that have not perfume,' said the Duchess to Lothair. 'It is very old-fashioned.'—*Lothair.*

I TURN the printed leaves, and Fancy brings me,
Without command,
To where thy garden wondrously enrings me,
Oh, Corisande!

I tread the 'turfen terraces' luxurious,
Its ancient pride,
With golden yew cut into arches curious,
Along one side.

And over me and round me float enthralling
Its perfume sweet,
With sunny sheen and dusky shadow falling
About my feet.

They call thy garden, Corisande, old-fashion'd!
A garden where
The flowers breathe their lives away, impassion'd
To scent the air.

Where woodbines wander, and the wallflower pushes
Its way alone;
And where, in wafts of fragrance, sweet-briar bushes
Make themselves known.

With banks of violets for southern breezes
To seek and find;
And starr'd and trellis'd jessamine that pleases
The summer wind.

And here the flowers' queen, in perfect beauty,
And calm repose,
Leads a soft life of perfume, with one duty,
To be a rose.

And clove-carnations overgrow the places
Where they were set;
And, mist-like, in the intervening spaces,
Creeps mignonette.

With purple stocks in sudden breezes swerving;
And lilies, white
As if their lifted petals' tender curving
Held heaven's light.

And tangled wantonly together growing
Are frail sweet peas;
And all about them, ever coming, going,
Communist bees.

Oh, sunlit, soft-hued place for love and lovers!
In all thine air
Some reminiscence of lost Eden hovers,
And makes thee fair!

* * * *

The garden fades, and I am left all lonely
By Fancy's flight;
I turn the printed pages, seeing only
Their black and white.

I turn the leaves, and as the volume closes,
Look up and say:
'Alas! I have no garden, and no roses,
Nor wooers gay!'

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

PUBLIC meetings are not now what they once were. The comitia are everywhere yielding in importance to the public press. People are reached now through the eye rather than through the ear. The great parley of the nation is at its Parliament, and it must be owned that most speeches there on great occasions are very well worth reading, that despite the overshadowing progress of other influences, this is an age of extemporary writing and carefully prepared speeches. Still the average public meeting is not what it was before the era of the cheap press. People do not come spontaneously to the meetings at town hall, assembly rooms, concert rooms, trade halls, wherever unwonted gatherings could be brought together. There is, as a rule, a deal of planning and organisation to be managed before a public meeting can be held in any provincial town. Those who recollect the fierce crusade against the Maynooth bill, or the agitation against the Corn Law, will well realize how popular enthusiasm can be evoked on a religious or on a secular subject. There is no great occasion just now to elicit popular passions. Every topic is ventilated as it arises by the press, and there is no chance of any local combustion. Very probably there are a few exciting questions dimly looming in the future—it might not be difficult to shadow forth one or two of them—but except when Mr. Murphy gives a lecture at some ultra-Protestant meeting, raising his prices according to the beastliness which may be expected, no meeting, not even of the Reds in Leicester Square, can do more than raise a tempest in a teapot.

Whatever there is that is really important and striking in public meetings is to be witnessed in the metropolis during the month of May. That is the freshest, most genial, and most crowded of all the London months. It is the month in which the parsons muster in the greatest force, as the Foresters in the summer and the Farmers at the Cattle Show. You see Convocation is going on, and there is a certain amount of interest taken by clericals in that shadowy clerical parliament. Also a vast number of societies hold their anniversary meetings, chiefly in Exeter Hall. Those good churchy people who have waited till Lent is over before they make themselves brides and bridegrooms will have something to do with sordid London even in the honeymoon if it falls in the month of May. The great immigration of parsondom into town at the present season of the year is chiefly for the sake of the May meetings. This is still perhaps the most genuine and prominent kind of public meeting, although the rowdy meeting is looking up as a prominent institution. Thus we get orators on the stump in Trafalgar Square, and youths showing the red flag in St. James's Hall, and getting up a free fight, or a series of them, as a part of the proceedings. Every public meeting is liable to be riotous when it is not recognised as a principle that when people are at the trouble of getting up a meeting it is for the purpose of enunciating and acting on their views, and not, unless where the intention is distinctly avowed, of having a free discussion which might possibly end in a free fight. The opposite to these meetings are what may be called

'hole and corner meetings,' where the meetings, though technically public, are practically private. Just as one or two Treasury officials and half a dozen members will in the small hours cheerfully vote away any amount of millions of supply, sometimes there will be meetings which will declare the immense desirability of establishing some great public object which primarily however is intended for individual benefit. That well-known individual, Mr. John Smith of London, thinks it very desirable that he should be made secretary, at a comfortable salary, to the Society for the Improvement of the Million, and consequently a public meeting is convened which declares that, in its opinion, the million sadly require improvement. Some sort of credentials are thus furnished for the collection of donations and subscriptions. But there are meetings and meetings. There is generally a private meeting before a public meeting, and often a small public meeting before a larger one. If you want to found a hospital, or to settle who shall be your candidate at the next election, or to resolve on presenting a teapot to the curate, or to manifest 'indignation,' or 'sympathy,' or 'abhorrence,' or 'regret,' or 'apprehension,' the agitated feelings of the human mind are relieved through the process of a public meeting. At many country towns there is an absurd institution called a Local Board, where there is considerable competition as to who should show the worst taste or worst sense. Most people are beginning to be rather tired of the specimen of public meeting which the London School Board periodically affords. There are some public meetings which are transacted at a breakfast-table, a very sensible innovation, as you can transact business while listening to oratory, and a public tea has long formed part of many public meetings; and various public dinners, where people pay their guineas to become stewards, are, in point of fact, simply a certain kind of public meeting.

Although some people may sneer at public meetings, yet the institution is really of great importance, and is in fact one of the safety valves of the Constitution. The want of free discussion in France has, more than anything, paved the way there for despotism and anarchy. In a country like England, where everything ultimately rests on the basis of public opinion, the power of managing and addressing a public meeting is one of great importance, which men ought to acquire more generally than is really the case. How few men can really speak neatly and concisely on any public occasion, or know when they ought to get on their legs, and above all when they ought to sit down again. Every university man might easily learn how to speak. We should not then see parsons slaves to their manuscripts, and ineffective on the platform. Most colleges have their spouting clubs, and there is the capital institution of the *Union* in either university. A country paper once sagely said: 'Boards of Guardians do strange things. The Oxford Union has been discussing the question of Universal Suffrage.' It is not only necessary, in getting up a public meeting, that you should have tolerably decent speakers, but your objects should be clearly defined and your resolutions be all ready. I have seen at different times most amusing fiascoes for the want of a little management. Once I remember helping summon a meeting to get up a literary society and we thought that just

a few of ourselves would be there. It was in a large city, but somehow the notion took, and to our horror we found a great room nearly filled and nothing in any tangible form to put before it. The discussion was half conversational, half oratorical; all kinds of resolutions were suggested, and altered, and abandoned; we were immensely laughed and unmercifully quizzed, and a mob of friends escorted us home, overwhelming us with hints and consolations. Somehow or other we managed to pull through and form our society, which lasted for a year or two —quite an instance of longevity for such an institution. My own experience of public meetings has not, I must own, always been of the most gratifying description. Once I was a chairman and had the misfortune to fall asleep during a very long and prosy address from an indifferent speaker. When some one rose to move a vote of thanks to the chairman 'for his able and impartial conduct in the chair,' there was some very ironical cheering from some people who had noticed the somnolency; and I am not sure that an intimate friend of mine was not about to propose a vote of want of confidence as an amendment when I cut him short by neatly returning thanks for the compliment. On another occasion I was asked to help a Conservative friend, a candidate for a borough, at a public meeting of electors and non-electors; when there was not only a row at the end of every paragraph, but a lot of roughs had come with brickbats, and there was a small lane of policemen to help us get away. I believe that a resolution in the highest degree condemnatory of my observations was afterwards carried. I was asked to a very pleasant little dinner the other day, which was to be the prelude to a public meeting for the promotion of a praiseworthy local object. The object of the dinner was, however, rather social than public, for we were to have a noble lord with us famous for the telling of good stories. Whether it was the fault of the good stories or not I know that when we got to the meeting, when the proper time for dealing with the local object arrived, men looked uneasily at each other, there was much random talking, a single resolution was somehow arrived at, and the meeting came to a most lame and impotent conclusion. But the most vexatious kind of public meeting comes to pass when honest and able men, with a sincere desire to promote some good purpose, summon a public meeting and they find public apathy and a total want of interest in a cause which they thought would evoke any amount of 'legitimate' enthusiasm.

I remember hearing of a very absurd way in which a meeting was got up. A fervid apostle of some good cause or other, of the name of Black, came to some town, and resolved to hold a public meeting. He had his advertisements in the papers, and his posters on the wall. Then he came to the town, flushed with the idea that the hall would be thronged with a sympathetic multitude, and that he would receive every kind of moral and substantial support. He came; the doors were open, and the room lighted up. The janitor of the place, having discharged his duties, had retired until such time as he might suppose a public meeting would conclude. Mr. Black found himself in solitary possession of the platform. The meeting was appointed for eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock there was no meeting.

Mr. Black looked at his watch, and mentally determined that people were very unpunctual, and he would give the British public a quarter of an hour's law. The fifteen minutes glided away, but no British public appeared. At last he heard a solitary footfall pattering on the stair. A head was presently put inside the door, but the owner of it, affrighted by the spectacle of an utterly vacant room, immediately withdrew it, and commenced a retreat.

'Oh, pray come in, sir,' shouted Mr. Black, 'and oblige me by taking a chair on the platform.'

A somewhat irresolute individual accordingly hoisted himself up, and was immediately inserted, not only in a chair, but in the place of chairman.

'What is your name, sir?' asked Mr. Black.

'White, sir,' said the other; 'very much at your service.'

Mr. White and Mr. Black then laid their heads together, and had a little confab. Mr. Black was an adroit kind of man, who was not likely to lose an opportunity. A report of the proceeding of that eventful evening in due course appeared in the advertising columns of the local provincial journal. The first resolution had been proposed by Mr. White, and seconded by Mr. Black, that a certain public object was of paramount importance. It was then proposed by Mr. Black, and seconded by Mr. White, that a society should be started in aid of this paramount public object. On the motion of Mr. Black, a vote of thanks was unanimously carried to the chairman. The chairman then declared that the meeting stand adjourned till that day next week. On the following week the hall was crowded. The people had been taken with the idea, and had come to the conclusion that a prosperous initiative had been taken towards giving it practical effect. Thus fared it with Mr. Black and Mr. White.

But Exeter Hall does not now hold unquestioned its supremacy of all public meetings. Of late years St. James's Hall has become a very popular place for public meetings; and some religious societies which used to hold their meetings at Exeter Hall, now drift westwards to the St. James's Hall entries in Piccadilly and Regent Street. The meetings there seem very unequal. The meeting is fixed very much in advance, the chairman chosen, and the chief speakers selected. But the chairman has a multiplicity of engagements, and can only show for a few minutes, and will then retire; and the popular Boanerges of the hour will become hoarse, like another Sims Reeves; and the weather may turn out very bad, and as a consequence the great hall may be hardly a quarter full. It does not, however, make much real difference. The speakers have resolved what to say, and they say it. The committee have fixed the points to be moved, and they are carried. The accounts have been audited, and are passed. The report is read, or taken for read, and is adopted. It really makes very little difference whether it is a good meeting or a bad one. The reporters of the papers interested in such matters are there, and there will be a full report, with the usual 'cheers' and 'laughter,' though such were few and faint. The reports will be sent to all the annual subscribers, who will never know the exact character of the meeting.

Still there is nothing more effective and remarkable in its way than the grand meetings at Exeter Hall. There was a time when platform oratory was intrin-

sically higher, and of greater repute than it is now. People would crowd to the Strand, getting up early, and prepared to wait for hours, so that they might hear their favourite orators. Those were the days when Stowell and McNeile were in their greatest force; but Stowell has been gathered 'to the majority,' and age and a deanery have dimmed, though not quenched, the splendid oratory of McNeile. There hardly appear to be equally great men coming on to those who are going off. Moreover, platform oratory is now more equally distributed. The high church party used to despise platform oratory, and decline to have anything to do with it. They have seen their mistake, and have now some practised orators among them. They come out best, perhaps, at church congresses, which form a very remarkable type of public meeting. Still the High Church shrinks vehemently from Exeter Hall. It affects the Mansion House, or St. James's Hall, or Willis's Rooms, and will not cooperate with the hall on the site of Exeter 'Change. And, doubtless, many of the supporters of this hall wish that it did not bear a name associated with a past and present bishop so entirely antipathetic to them. There are still immense crowds who gather to the May Meetings; and let it be said at once that we may hear things there which we shall all be the better for hearing, and that they deal with the greatest philanthropic and religious efforts of the age. To the great societies—such as the Bible and Church Missionary Societies—the admission is by ticket. The first 'event' on the programme is the speech of the chairman, and it is of the highest importance to get a popular and influential chairman. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, makes a very fair chairman, and we have seen him show great address and adroitness in mitigating Exeter Hall when it showed symptoms of excitement. But there is a better chairman for Exeter Hall even than the archbishop, and that we need hardly say is the Earl of Shaftesbury. Lord Shaftesbury is a great power in the 'religious world,' and beyond those limits too; he is perhaps the greatest living authority on most of the social questions of the day; and a good man and a good-looking, a first classman in his day, and a weighty speaker too.

You may have heard it said that the Exeter Hall audience is almost entirely made up of women. But do not admit the truth of this. The vast platform, which you may have seen occupied with the chorus of an oratorio, is completely filled with men, the clerical garb predominating. The body of the hall is mostly occupied by ladies, but their cavaliers are liberally scattered among them. The report is read—a part of the proceedings which to practical philanthropists ought to have the deepest interest of all, but is a process borne by the majority with patience and resignation. The ladies take diligently to their work, and have the satisfaction of reflecting that they lose very little time. I have never observed anything like 'the bray of Exeter Hall,'—Lord Macaulay's famous expression. It was rather unkind of Macaulay to make it, for in early life he himself did something in the way of platform philanthropic oratory, and his father was mixed up in every direction with it. That unlucky expression cost him a great deal. It is a great thing to show the assemblage some definite practical fruits of what has been done. There was

a time when a colonial bishop was a great catch. But so many colonial bishops acquired the habit of abdicating the colonies, that their platform value fell. Small blame to them in some cases; you will nowhere find a worse climate than Sierra Leone. I will engage to say that the present bishop of that malarious spot will not be so great an absentee as was his predecessor. The greatest visible thing that missionary zeal in England has ever done was getting a negro consecrated a bishop of the Church of England in Westminster Abbey. My American friends have lifted up their eyes and their hands, with a mixture of horror and admiration, when they have mentioned that extraordinary fact; which, however, has turned out very well, and forms an excellent precedent. It is a great thing at any time to get a nigger, and the next best is to have a missionary. A missionary who, in simple telling style, can tell the story of actual work done, is always acceptable. Extraordinary things have been done at Exeter Hall. Once they put up a child of twelve years old to speak, who rattled through his neat little oration quite correctly. Unfortunately, the taste for public speaking which he injudiciously imbibed at that early age has pursued him in after life, to the disgust of various of his contemporaries. Then some speakers have had the bad taste to allude to their personal infirmities, their 'poor old head;' or perhaps to their want of thatch to their personal roof. A great point has been made when a man has told his audience how he felt called upon to admonish a brother to take unto himself a wife, and the adventures of the brother have been related, in his search for the missing complement of his existence. There is always much smiling and blushing and giggling among the ladies, but there is also a sense of relief; and it may be said generally that those lighter touches give relief, and all the platform orators know the good effect of having some stories to tell. At the meeting for the Ragged Schools there was a good man who always used to indulge in improvised poetry, and the effect was very comical. It is comparatively easy to note the grotesque point of the May Meetings, but it is very difficult to obtain a full and comprehensive survey of that enormous and complicated machinery for good all over the world to which they bear testimony. Sometimes the eloquence is of a very hearty and elevated kind; sometimes the singing of a simple tune by the whole immense audience has a very solemn and powerful effect. But it is when you come to realize all that these societies are doing all over the world, in combating a myriad forms of ignorance, vice, superstition, cruelty, want, you feel proud that your country, perhaps beyond all countries, is engaged in this multiform crusade for good, and as a philanthropist, Englishman, and Christian, you cannot help being deeply interested in the public meetings of this month of May.

ABOUT THE ACADEMY.

WITH the opening of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy the true London art-season may be said to commence. The host of minor picture-shows abounding in the metropolis, increasing as they do in number gradually from the beginning of February until they culminate in this great epoch of contemporaneous art-history, in no way militate against the universal interest displayed by the public in the works of the painters whose fame is derived from their contributions to the walls of Burlington House.

In nautical language, nothing takes the wind out of the sails of the Academy, and it is not likely that the present great attempt to do so at South Kensington will prove more successful than have the hundred and one former efforts in the same direction. Grand patronage and high-sounding titles undoubtedly sway to some extent the British intellect, but in the long run they will not counteract well-earned *prestige*, and the standard of the International Exhibition must be higher than rumour reports it to be before it is likely to interfere with Burlington House.

To its doors, then, the gazing public will now flock in crowds, and whilst they are enjoying the treat spread out before them, and whilst we leave to the critics and the *dilettanti* the discussion of the relative merits of the gems of art there collected, a word or two may be said upon what has been going on before the lamps were lighted and the curtain raised.

So extremely pleasant and fascinating does the career of an artist always appear, so surrounded is he by everything that is elevated and noble, so lifted above the squabbles, intrigues, and petty concerns of every-day life in the pursuit of the beautiful, that the public is seldom prepared to admit that trouble or anxiety can possibly intrude upon his life, save perhaps at one particular period—the period just passed during which painters await their fate at the hands of the august council who hold their sittings in Piccadilly.

On the visit to the studio immediately before the sending-in day no hint is conveyed that that lofty, well-lighted, tranquil-looking room has been for many months past the scene of unutterable anxiety. Everything has been hidden which could suggest a difficulty. The picture stands in its right place, the walls are gay with tasteful decorations and sketches, and the painter himself, velvet-clad and beaming, endeavours to throw off the traces left by his mental struggles and close application to work. Thus the privileged throng who four or five weeks ago were making the tour of the *ateliers*, to which they had more or less the right of admission, believe that the supreme moment of the artist's trouble had only then been reached, and that the chief difficulties of his profession lay solely in the uncertainty of his chance of getting a good place for his canvas, of discussing who was on the council, and questioning what sort of fellows the hangers were, and the rest of the little trivial accidents incidental to all public competitions. The error of such a supposition is none the less because it is wide-spread. In forgetting that it is necessary for a man to labour just as determinately and unremittingly at his easel, in order to become a great artist, as he would do at law or medicine, if he were going to be a barrister or a physician, the public

commits a crying injustice; but it is harder still in not acknowledging the fact that to be a painter at all implies an amount of sensitiveness unknown to the majority of men.

The world would be startled could it see into the feelings of the artists who are even the most successful, and whose reputations are the most firmly established. It has no notion of a tithe of the heartburnings, struggles, and disappointments with which they have to contend; and above all, of the indefatigable diligence, earnestness, and downright hard labour gone through by them all day and every day of their lives.

Thus, densely ignorant of the real inner life and existence of a painter, and of his general sensations, it has yet a dim perception —a vague foggy idea—that there is one period when he may be a trifle anxious, and on the *qui vive;* that just for one month out of every twelve, he may be subject to a few of the disagreeables common to mankind, although even then the sixty eminent painters forming the members and associates of the Royal Academy are exempted from the purgatory of this period. There is, we say, a faint belief that, from the last week in March to the first week in May, artists—outsiders, as they are termed, of the Academy—have an anxious time of it; anxious to know if their labours for the past year have been recognized by the august body, and treated accordingly,—that is, accepted and hung according to their merits. Nevertheless, the majority of people do not fairly estimate the amount of suffering endured during even that thirty and odd days of suspense—a suspense which grows less and less bearable as the varnishing day draws nigh; for, often until that morning (except in the cases of positively rejected works, which have already received the fatal chalk cross on their backs) contributors to the exhibition do not know whether their works are hung, the 'D's,' or 'doubtfuls,' having seldom become certainties one way or the other until the few hours before the doors open at Burlington House to admit exhibitors to varnish and inspect, &c. On this morning, however, all uncertainty is at an end. The official printed alphabetical list of exhibitors is hung up, and the lucky 'those' who find their own names figuring in it, after securing their cards for free admission for the season, rush upstairs and through the galleries in hot haste, to learn their destiny; to see, in short, where their pictures are hung, whether high or low, in a good light or a bad, in a corner or in a centre. A privileged few may have heard from friends in the Royal Academy; may have gleaned a hint as to where they may look for their pictures; but the majority are ignorant of their ultimate fate until this eventful morning. Then the comedy begins; then is it amusing to speculate upon and to watch the faces of the artists as they peep and peer about the rooms. At first they timidly glance along the upper rows, and, if not recognizing their productions on high, begin to grow bolder, as if saying to themselves, 'Well, I shall be seen, anyhow, even if I am not in a good light;' then, if the painter be likewise a philosopher—which, by the way, he seldom is—he looks into the corners, and at all the worst spots on the wall within eyeshot. Failing still to recognize his canvas, he at last courageously swaggers along the much-coveted line, until he sees his own picture, perhaps in a post of honour. Then is his countenance good to behold! And

oh! what a contrast! the whole aspect of the man has changed. No longer is he a nervous, timid, anxious, scared, and rushing animal; but a man of importance; one who has a notion of his value, and withal one who is not to be trifled with! According to his temperament, is he smiling and jocose, or sententious and patronizing with his friends; and it is quite wonderful to hear him commiserate and sympathize with his less fortunate brethren, or preach resignation and nil desperandum maxims.

Now is it indeed edifying to hear him dilate on the advantages of such an institution as the Royal Academy, how unjustly it is maligned, &c., how, on the whole, it is always eager to recognize real merit; and, 'What a capital exhibition it is this year!—far above the average!' 'Not well hung, old fellow?' he says to Jukes. 'Sorry for that: put me in a capital place. See here!—not quite the light I wanted; but I must not grumble, I suppose' (he can't help doing so a little); 'comes pretty well, I think. Where do you say you are?—Oh ah! what a bore! hard lines! never mind; better luck next time! Never say die!'

Then he will demand of an attendant carpenter, in an off-hand way, a basin of water, and proceed to sponge his picture carefully; or, in a careless, jaunty fashion, merely flick the dust from it with his handkerchief, whistling gaily all the while. He may perhaps varnish and touch up a little bit; but the man who has his picture hung within easy reach as he stands on the floor hardly ever wants to make any alterations or improvements; he is generally, and in every sense of the word, for the present, content.

No; the man who desires to work most at his production, to cleanse, to wipe, to alter, to varnish, to coquet and dally with it, is he who has found after the first frantic look round that it is in the top row of all, up in a corner, and where it can be seen but badly, and where, let him touch it up as he will, the result will be the same. Then, after he has expended his venom on the malice of the hangers, and has characterised their behaviour to him as all of a piece, he sternly demands ladders and planks, that he may ascend to work upon his picture, &c., giving all the trouble he can, and avenging himself on the institution by taking it out of the carpenters. He denounces the exhibition as the worst he ever saw; declares the council have tried to ruin him by putting his picture in the dark, and that he would rather it had not been hung at all than where it is; hints broadly that Buncher got that excellent place on the line solely through his diplomacy and the interest he has made, or has had made for him, amongst the Academicians, insisting that actual merit goes for very little now-a-days.

Thus the ill-used one; but if we wish to see the man with the real grievance, with the uncompromising bitter spirit in his heart, we must wait until, retiring from the galleries, we encounter at the door the crowd of those whose pictures have been entirely rejected, and who consequently cannot claim admission on this day to the sacred precincts. Clustering round the list on which their names do *not* appear, they present a spectacle of blank disappointment, painful on the whole, yet sometimes not unamusing to behold. Every form of indignation, and even despair, both in word and gesture, are apparent; only a few are able to regard their fate philosophically,

and to walk away with a smile of nonchalance. The majority are too sensitive by nature to hide their feelings, and do not attempt it; and although in the main the disappointment is borne meekly, the keen observer of the human countenance would nevertheless see in those clouded brows, flashing eyes, and quivering lips the destruction of a whole year's calculations, and upon which the artist had built the hope of earning fame, reputation, or even bread. Many a hard piece of injustice may be done, and to witness its results is not pleasant; but it should always be remembered that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is not a charitable institution founded to preserve mediocrity or incompetence from the workhouse. Broadly speaking, the pictures which are turned out could not in any way influence art (respectable productions though many of them may be) one way or the other, even if they were all exhibited, for which purpose no space ever likely to be available would suffice. We hear of fifteen hundred or two thousand pictures rejected each year, and by the declaimers against such injustice it seems to be forgotten that the greater number of these, say something like sixty or seventy per cent., are made up of unimportant, though it may be creditable, works. The great bulk is composed of small landscapes in oil and water-colour, mediocre domestic figure subjects, little studies of single figures, *genre* subjects of no great merit, second-rate portraits (these frequently very large), architectural drawings, fruit, flower, and birds'-nest pieces by the hundred, indifferent miniatures and crayon heads, the saleable prices of all of which would not exceed perhaps on an average twenty pounds apiece. The influence, therefore, as I say, of these pictures, whether they are exhibited or not, on art is unimportant. Those of them that find places do so mainly as stop-gaps, and are selected according to the size required, their average value artistically being pretty nearly equal. Hence chance enters largely into their acceptance or rejection. One year Jones's is taken, the next year Smith's, a third Thompson's, and the public is hardly conscious of the difference, however important the artist himself may think it, and however important it may be to him individually. Nokes, who has sent this year four pictures, two water-colour and two oils, pretty little unostentatious and meritorious landscapes, is indignant beyond telling at finding the white cross on all their backs.

'A most extraordinary thing!' he exclaims; 'last year I had three larger ones, all hung in good places, and they were not nearly as well painted as these, and yet these are all turned out! Abominable, isn't it? What does it mean?' And he tries to make you believe that somebody has a spite against him. Stiles, on the other hand, who has this year sent four pictures exactly of the same average merit and size as Nokes's, no matter whether figures, portraits, or landscapes, is surprised and delighted to find three adorning the walls of the Exhibition. Rubbing his hands, he says, 'There's nothing like perseverance. I haven't had a picture in for the last four years, though I have sent regularly each season, and much better pictures than these—curious, isn't it?'

Nokes inclines to the belief that Stiles tipped the head carpenter, or had a friend on the council, and may find some consolation in this creed; but, in reality, it is utterly groundless, the truth being, as has been said, that it is all a

matter of chance with these works, which have not, from one cause or another, peculiar claims to attention. They are, as it were, all shaken up in a bag. This time mine is jerked out, next yours; and we repeat, as far as art is concerned, it is of very little consequence which comes uppermost.

Occasionally, of course, no one will pretend to deny that some canvas having undoubted claim to especial attention gets overlooked, and by accident is dropped into this bag, and then of course the outcry that may be raised against the injustice of its rejection is warranted; but, as such accidents will inevitably happen in all mundane affairs, it by no means proves that any particularly malignant influence has been set in action, or that the Royal Academy does not, on the whole, deal out justice fairly and impartially. Abuses of power will now and then creep into every assemblage of potentates; but it may be laid down as a maxim that no painter whose works constantly display unmistakable evidence of unusual merit, not to say genius, remains for any length of time unrecognised by the Royal Academy. Rebuffs and stray acts of injustice he may have to encounter—and who has not? but in the end he will assert himself, and will be recognised, sooner or later, according to his deserts.

Reverting for a moment to the luck which we maintain affects the fate of all works of only an average quality, a well-authenticated story may be quoted.

A certain head fairly well painted, but having no particular merits or demerits about it, was submitted for two successive years for exhibition in Trafalgar Square, and for two successive years received the fatal cross. A third season it was sent, and although not accepted when the artist again received it there was only a 'D' instead of a cross on its back. Encouraged by this advance, he patiently persevered and sent it a fourth year, when, to his satisfaction, he found it had been hung in a first-rate place, thus clearly demonstrating that its acceptance or rejection was a mere matter of chance from the beginning. Probably it got into a ruck of indifferent and bad works on the first and second occasions, and was overlooked; on the third such merit as it possessed was recognised, and it was made doubtful, that is, sufficiently good to be hung if there was room, but which there was not. The fourth year, without a doubt, it just fitted the place it received, and not being a bad picture it retained it. Many more instances of this kind could be cited to strengthen the position laid down: notably one of two or three water-colour drawings by a lady, which were rejected successively at the Dudley Gallery, British Artists, British Institution, Old Bond Street Gallery, and yet found eventually fair positions in the Royal Academy. They were neither bad nor good, and it mattered very little, except always of course to the artist, whether they were exhibited or not. Taking into account therefore these facts, we shall be able to look on, perhaps, more complacently at the signs of anguish, indignation, and disappointment observable in the region round about the Academy, and pervading certain coteries of artistic society, during the first week or two of the merry month of May.

HOW THE PRUSSIANS INVADED BRIGHTON.

A Story of the Review.

'YOU must join us, old man. The finest fun in the world! A splendid corps and a glorious uniform! Rapid promotion, and a Brighton review every Easter Monday! There, what do you say to that?'

I said 'Yes,' and next day was enrolled a full private in the Paddington (Green) Fusileer volunteers. The man who asked me to join was a personal friend—a wild enthusiast in the cause of England's army of reserve. He roved through the world like a hungry lion in search of prey; not an able-bodied acquaintance was safe from his importunities. Now poor old Timkins, the aged City man, was snared, caught, and converted into an ensign; now young Spooner, the idiotic millionaire, was captured and incontinently dubbed a major of brigade. For a long time I held out and refused to have anything to do with the 'service;' until at length, weary of Lawson's almost hourly appeals, I gave in and became the ridiculous thing you see me in Mr. Alfred Thompson's picture—a civilian disguised as a soldier, a citizen garbed in the uniform of the sword! But there, it is useless repining. I am a volunteer—the thing is done and cannot be mended. Until my new uniform is worn out, I shall continue to shoulder my rifle and pay my subscription to the cocked-hat-wearing quartermaster. I sincerely trust I am striking terror into the hearts of my country's enemies by my gallant attitude; or, at any rate, filling their minds with mild apprehension. The very uniform I wear is calculated to frighten the boldest of artists. What isn't green in its composition is yellow; what isn't silver in its decoration is gold. Donkeys and geese have been known to run for miles on the appearance of our regiment. What can I say more?

We were embodied some six years ago. Although we are known as the Paddington (Green) Fusileers, our head-quarters are situated quite twenty miles from Paddington. I will not give the exact spot that we are prepared to defend, until we have shed the last drop of our life's blood, for obvious reasons. It must be enough to say that we guard a prosperous metropolitan suburb from (what the late Mr. Bunn used to call)

'The hoof of the ruthless invader.'

The evolution of guarding the prosperous metropolitan suburb in question is performed by the members of the corps taking part in monthly proceedings of a more or less convivial character. Now we defy Bismarck by getting up a cricket-match; now we laugh the pretensions of the Czar of Russia to scorn by partaking of a heavy supper, under the presidentship of our colonel. I have forgotten to say that the ancestors of our chief were known as the Messrs. Perkins—hence our name, the 'Paddington (Greens.)'

My introduction to the regiment took place a few weeks before the Brighton Review. Under the escort of Lawson, I proceeded to the drill-ground, and took up my position at the gate. At the end of the field I saw a small crowd of men, apparently striving unsuccessfully to form fours, or describe a hollow square, or to perform some other manœuvre of an equally difficult description.

'Hurrah!' exclaimed Lawson,

'this *is* jolly! Why, they are going for a march out! Now, my boy, you will have an opportunity of seeing "ours" at their best.'

He had scarcely spoken ere a series of dreadful sounds assailed the drums of my ears. At first I thought the noise emanated from a pigs' slaughter-house, next from an undertaker's shop, next from a ragged school: I was wrong in all my conjectures.

'Come, now, that isn't so bad,' said Lawson. 'It's rather brassy still; but the new fife is a wonderful improvement.'

'What is that dreadful noise?' I asked, scarcely attending to his words.

'What dreadful noise?' he replied, turning upon me sharply.

'Why, that awful row, coming from that direction,' I said, pointing to the end of the field. 'Don't you hear it?'

'You surely don't mean our regimental brass band?' exclaimed Lawson, with much show of indignation. Why, sir, it's one of the finest bands in the service!'

'Quite so; quite so,' I admitted. 'Perhaps it's out of earshot: you can never appreciate music fully unless you can distinguish every note.'

'I say nothing about the band, at this distance from it,' said Lawson, with an air of pique; 'I only ask you to wait until it has passed you; then it will be time to form an opinion of its merits—or, if you will, demerits.'

I did wait, and had the pleasure of witnessing my future regiment drawn up in the order of march. I was not particularly impressed by the military display. The numbers were limited, and the quality of the men was (to put it mildly) indifferent, not to say so-so.

The procession was headed by a policeman clearing the way. I mention him, although only a civilian, because he possessed unquestionably the most martial appearance of all the people taking part in the march past. He was followed by the band, playing a noisy and mournful version of 'Mourir pour la patrie,' arranged as a quick step. If my friend Lawson had not assured me that I was wrong in my supposition, I should have imagined the cornet mad, and the big-drum intoxicated. I can say nothing of the rest of the musicians, for the simple reason that I could hear nothing but the clang of brass and the 'bang' of beaten parchment. The big-drum and the cornet seemed to be hated rivals, striving for mastery in the art of making a noise. On the whole, I think the big-drum had the best of it.

After the band came an elderly and corpulent gentleman, mounted on an ex-cabhorse. His coat was covered with silver, and his boots ornamented with hunting spurs. The moment he came abreast of us, Lawson drew himself up to his full height, and administered a severe military salute, which the corpulent gentleman on the ex-cabhorse returned graciously but somewhat unsteadily.

'Our senior major,' whispered my companion in my ear. 'Fine-looking man, isn't he? It's a pity he doesn't know a word of his drill.'

The ex-cabhorse, with his weighty burden passed away, and then I had the honour of inspecting my confrères of the rank and file. But few of them appeared in full uniform. The prevailing fashion seemed to be a grey kepi, a brown civilian coat, a sixteen-shilling civilian pair of trousers, and a short clay pipe. Every man seemed to have a step of his own, and an anecdote of his own. I could not drink in very much

of the conversation taking place in the ranks, for the simple reason that the big drum and the cornet between them monopolised my hearing. However, I still had my sense of sight left to me, and discovered that the band numbered a score of members, and the rest of the corps, without the officers, was fifteen strong, and with them came up to a gross strength of five-and-twenty. From what I gathered from Lawson subsequently, I discovered that, practically, each private in the 'Paddington (Greens)' seemed to have a couple of lieutenants to himself. On paper, our regiment might be counted by the hundred; on the parade-ground we never mustered more than fifty. Hence it came to pass that our list of officers was absurdly disproportionate with our list of efficients.

'There, what do you think of that?' asked Lawson, for about the fifth time. 'There's a muster for you!'

'Rather a weak gathering, isn't it?' I replied, in a conciliatory, but doubtful tone.

'Weak!' exclaimed my friend, indignantly; 'why, what do you call strong? You didn't expect to see more than a thousand, did you?'

'No,' I returned; 'I did not expect to see quite so many as that; but surely it is——

'The best muster of the season,' interrupted Lawson, angrily; 'the very best muster of the season! But then, there is no way of pleasing some people!'

With this my friend stalked away, leaving me to my own devices. Once alone, my great object was to escape from the parade-ground without falling across the terrible band on its way home. This evolution I performed successfully, and saw no more of my regiment until the day of the Brighton Review.

Before the arrival of the auspicious Monday, a great event in my military life came off. Of course I allude to the appearance of my uniform. It was brought to me by night by the regimental tailor, and tried on solemnly and stealthily.

'Rather tight in the arms and legs, isn't it?' I said, as I stood before my dressing-glass, wrapt in contemplation.

'Oh dear, no, sir!' replied the contriver of my gorgeous garb. 'Oh dear, no, sir! In the volunteer service, sir, legs and arms are always tight—teaches you to 'old your 'ead up, sir.'

Bowing to his experience, I permitted the tailor to have his way. The gorgeous garb was taken back, finished, and returned to me on Easter eve. My joy at its reappearance was just a little damped by the bill enclosed in the parcel. The tailor at once secured my respect as a military man—the fellow seemed to have quite mastered the art of *charging!*

If I live for a hundred years I shall never forget my first promenade in uniform. I felt like a fish out of water, like a dandy dressed in evening clothes in the 'Row' at one o'clock in the afternoon. I imagined that every one was regarding me with ridicule and contempt; that the police were pitying me, and the soldiers were laughing at me. There was sufficient excuse for both mirth and misery. My uniform was absurdly tight, and my accoutrements unpleasantly inconvenient. Now my cartouche-box turned round; now my sword-bayonet got between my legs; now my shako slipped over my eyes. Soon, however, these little annoyances were forgotten. When I recollected that my garb proclaimed me a defender of my native country my breast began to swell with pride, my eyes to flash fire, the blood in my

body to course wildly through my veins. I felt that while I wore my uniform Brompton was safe from attack,—Putney was free from invasion! It was a grand, a supreme moment. How long it would have continued had not fate and absence of mind induced me to march straight into an apple-stall, I know not; my mishap was received with curses by the ancient vendor of fruit, and with bitter derision by those who stood round about her. In a second my silly pride vanished. I ceased to be a gallant warrior, and returned once more to the conclusion that I was nothing more than a masquerading buffoon. With this painful reflection filling my heart with care, I returned, partly in sorrow and partly in anger, to my humble cottage in Duke Street, St. James's.

In spite of the entreaties, and even commands of Lawson, I sternly refused to appear again in uniform in public. If I were writing this paper with a view to its being read some twenty years after my death, I might possibly admit that, in the privacy of my own rooms, I occasionally donned the garb of war. I might hint (under those circumstances) that the shako sometimes graced my head in bed; the tunic occasionally served as a smoking-coat; that the sword, in winter, was used as a toasting-fork. All this, and more, might I confess, were these pages fated to grow dusty with the dirt of ages; to remain unread until my grave-stone wore a complimentary record to my lamented decease. Then people would say with catholic charity, when they perused the story of my vanity, 'Ah, poor fellow, he was good, noble, kind-hearted, great, but rather a donkey!' Came the story upon them now, and their verdict would be far less complimentary!

Time passed on, and the day for the Volunteer Review came nearer and yet more close. At length, Good Friday with its buns and sermons passed away, and there were but two days left between myself and military display. On the Saturday morning Lawson rushed into my rooms, and throwing himself into an arm-chair, exclaimed,

'Look here, old man, if we are to go to Brighton at all, we had better go down to-day, or starvation and homelessness will be our portion. To put it forcibly, we shan't get a room. The place is crowded already!'

'Well,' I replied, 'I am quite ready.'

'Pardon me, you will have to get up in gorgeous apparel to travel down by the Volunteer trains.'

'But I look such an awful ass in my uniform.'

'So we all do,' retorted Lawson, getting up to go. 'Now mind you are ready in half-an-hour.'

Once more I assumed the warrior's garb; and again as I looked at myself in the glass the old feeling of pride came back to me. For a moment I saw myself standing in the golden light of the setting sun, with maidens kissing my hands, the organ pealing in the church hard by, old men blessing me with fervour, and thousands upon thousands shouting a mighty shout of 'See how beautiful he looks in the sun-light—he who has saved our homes, our hearths, our wives;—he who is justly called the victor of Brompton, the saviour of Putney!' How long the pleasant feeling of exultation would have lasted had it been uninterrupted, I do not know. As it was, my door was thrown open, and Lawson hurried into the room.

'Come, look sharp,' he cried, taking up my rifle and carpet-bag; 'we have only ten minutes to get

from this place to the station. I have got a capital cab.'

We hurriedly descended the stairs, ascended the Hansom, and drove to the railway.

Just in time to catch the train, we were thrust into a first-class carriage, and left in the hands of the engine-driver. We had four companions. The first wore the undress of an artillery quarter-master; or, rather, a compromise uniform consisting of an undress patrol jacket and a gorgeous silver-laced pair of overalls. He carried with him a good deal of cocked hat, but a very little of the letter "H."

'The 'osses,' said he, confidentially, 'will foller us in another train. Law! aint it 'ot?'

And he took refuge in his silver-laced overalls. Our second *compagnon de voyage* was a volunteer colonel, with a grievance. As far as I could make out from his narrative the War Office had treated him cruelly, nay brutally, about some buttons. He grew eloquent about his wrongs. Now he denounced the Secretary of State; now he called down vengeance upon the head of the Inspector-General; now he bore terrible witness against the third-class clerks in the 'A. G. B.'

'It was too bad of them,' he cried, and as he spoke his eyes flashed and his cheeks flushed. 'Far too bad of them! The "Lieutenantry" wouldn't have minded if *they* hadn't stepped in. And what's the result, sir; I repeat, what's the result? Why, to this day, my corps wear bronze buttons on their tunics. What do you think of that?' And he smiled a bitter smile of contempt, defiance; ay, and even hatred. The other travellers in the carriage were the ordinary passengers of everyday life.

We arrived at Brighton without passing through any adventures of an exciting character. On our pulling up at the platform an assault was made upon the cabs and omnibusses. The volunteers seized upon any conveyance they could find — the muscular capturing the carriages, and the weak requisitioning the trucks and wheel-barrows. And now came the hunt for rooms. Seated in a brougham that, in its better days, might possibly have been a bathing-machine, we drove from street to street in search of shelter. Our demands were treated with cruel contempt. Now the landlord shouted with wild laughter as we begged him, almost on our knees, for a two-pair back; now the landlady scowled, and muttered dreadful words as we asked her to put us up in her front parlour. At length, however, our perseverance was rewarded, and we found a dearly-purchased habitation and a temporary home.

How Sunday passed I need not say. Those who know Brighton will picture the scene for themselves. Volunteers in the strangest combinations of military uniform and civil morning dress, thronged the streets and smoked, and strutted, and shouted. There was a band on the parade, and a band on the pier, and a band nearly everywhere. The London Scottish represented by 'Mc' Brown of Pentonville, and 'Mc' Snooks of Brompton 'of that ilk,' appeared in highland costume, and tried to look as if they had been born a couple of hundred miles north of Fleet Street. There were privates, too, in the Honourable Artillery Company, who would have looked exactly like the Guards in their bearskins and scarlet coats, had they not equally resembled that gallant body of men known at the Surrey Theatre under the vague title of 'the military.' There were young lieutenants of engineers who had donned captains

tunics by mistake, and weather-beaten 'regulars,' who stared and pondered, and wondered, and couldn't 'make it all out.' So Sunday passed; and Monday was born amidst the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums.

I took a dip in the swimming bath and strolled through the town. The place was absolutely covered with flags. Banners of all nations fluttered over the Pavilion; bunting laudatory of somebody's tea and somebody else's cheap trousers floated from some of the windows. Everything looking in the least like a flag had been put into requisition for revelling purposes. I wandered about for hours enjoying the lovely day, and forgetful of the duties of the parade-ground. After breakfasting at the Old Ship I looked at my watch. It was eleven o'clock, the hour fixed for the march past.

'Well,' I murmured to myself, 'I can't forego my matutinal cigar. I will just go down to the beach and rest a little, and then hey for the battle and the breeze.' Shouldering my rifle, I strolled down to the brink of the sea. I carefully laid my Snider on the shingles and threw myself down beside it. The murmur of the wavelets was very pleasant, and I soon fell into a comfortable dozy state. I was half awake and half asleep; I closed my eyes and puffed lovingly at my cigar. It was pleasant, very pleasant.

Now, what I have written to this point is purely introductory. I have been merely scribbling a flâneur's experiences, but now my task changes its character, the romancist disappears in the historian. From this point my story becomes of greater importance, for I have to tell of the Prussian invaders and of their ruthless chief.

I had scarcely smoked for five minutes ere my attention was attracted to some steamboats lying in the offing. They seemed familiar to me, and as I looked they came nearer, and then I distinguished the names of the 'London Pride' and the 'Waterman.' What could it mean? Here came it that the choicest vessels belonging to the London penny steamboats were drawn up in martial array in front of Brighton? My soul was filled with a strange dread and I trembled. Soon my worst apprehensions were realised. As I inspected the graceful but fragile steamships through my field-glasses, a harp and a cornet (evidently concealed on board) tuned up and commenced an incorrect version of the 'Wacht am Rhin.' Again, what could it mean? As I stood listening to the notes of the music my arm was seized and a voice trembling with terror exclaimed—

'The Prussians!'

I turned round and found myself face to face with Lawson. He was frightfully pale.

'Good heavens, old man, this is dreadful! They declared war against us half an hour ago. Here it is in the fourth edition of this evening's "Echo."'

We had no time to think or speak. The harp ceased and the cornet was silent. Then there was a puff of smoke from the side of the 'London Pride,' and a shell fell at our feet, and, exploding, seriously damaged a bathing machine. The proprietress, who happened to be near at the time, at once went in search of a policeman. Lawson and I sprang up the beach and made our way to the racecourse. As we arrived at the Grand Stand the march past was going on. We rushed up to the saluting point and were stopped by a policeman.

'You can't go any further, gents,' said he, pushing us back.

'We must,' we cried. 'The Prussians are in the offing, and

HOW THE PRUSSIANS INVADED [illegible]

uniform by mistake, and weather-beaten 'regulars,' who stared and pondered, and wondered, and couldn't 'make it all out.' So Sunday passed; and Monday was born amidst the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums.

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'Well,' I murmured to myself, 'I don't [illegible] I will [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] down to the [illegible] of the sea. I carefully laid my Ulster on the shingles and threw myself down beside it. The murmur of the wavelets was very pleasant, and I soon fell into a comfortable dozy state. I was half awake and half asleep; I closed my eyes and puffed lovingly at my cigar. It was pleasant, very pleasant.

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I [illegible] turned round and found myself [illegible] who had [illegible]

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'You can't go any further, gents,' said he, pushing us back.

'We must,' we cried. 'The Prussians are in the offing, and

HOW THE PRUSSIANS INVADED BRIGHTON.

we *must* see the commander-in-chief.'

'Well, you won't pass 'ere, that's all I know about it.'

'Why, man alive,' we cried, 'the Prussians are bombarding the Parade; they have already seriously——'

'That's no business of mine,' said the policeman, stolidly. 'The parade aint my beat. If the Prooshians 'ave 'urt any property the county court is the proper place for to go to get a summons. Now, *will* you keep back?'

At this moment we caught sight of an aide-de-camp in scarlet and gold. He was riding at a gallop down the racecourse. Leaving the policeman we rushed up to him and seized the bridle of his horse.

'I say,' said he, looking at us through an eye-glass, 'you know you musn't do that: I'm in a doose of a hurry.'

'Sir, the Prussians are bombarding Brighton!'

'The doose they are! How beastly inconsiderate of them to do it to-day. Awfully bad form, isn't it?'

'Well, sir, under these circumstances we must see the commander-in-chief.'

'Oh, come,' said the aide-de-camp, in a wounded tone, 'you know this sort of thing won't do; it won't indeed.'

'Sir, the safety of the country depends upon the promptness of our action.'

'Ah, yes; but really we can't attend to anything to-day. You see it's a review day: sorry I can't stay any longer. By-by!' And he rode off.

Lawson and I looked at one another. What was to be done? As we stood thus a Volunteer colonel (who had mislaid his corps and was looking for it) cantered up.

'I say, gentleman,' said he, politely, 'have you seen a regiment in red facings marching about anywhere near here? You would be sure to know them because the adjutant rides a gray horse.'

'No, sir,' we replied, and then we told him the news about the Prussian invasion.

'God bless my soul!' he cried, indignantly. 'Come here on Easter Monday, when we are enjoying our holiday. It's shameful, disgraceful. On my word I will write to the "Times" about it.'

'But can't anything be done to prevent them landing?'

'Stay. For goodness sake don't say anything about it to my men if you meet them,' cried the volunteer colonel, excitedly.

'Why not, sir?'

'Why, every soul of them would desert so that they might run down to the beach to have a look at them. Don't forget about my regiment: mind, the adjutant rides a gray horse.' And he cantered off.

By this time the news of the invasion had spread. The review was suspended for the moment, and everybody discussed the matter and smoked. Some of the privates of a Surrey corps dressed up a dummy Prussian and fired at it with blank cartridge. The gunners of that popular corps, the 3rd Middlesex Artillery (the regiment that carried off the Queen's Prize at Shoebury last year) sat down in a row and were lectured by their majors armed with copies of 'Ray's Drill Book.' The London Scottish danced a reel to the cheerful sound of the bagpipes; and the London Irish got up a little fight on their own account. In fact, the affair was passing off very pleasantly, when a council of war was summoned by the officer in command. Lawson and I hurried to the spot where the meeting was to take place, and listened.

'Before commencing the business of the day,' we heard the President

say as we came up, 'I must express my great satisfaction at the manner in which the march past was conducted. The dressing was very fair, and silence in the ranks was strictly kept. I consider the march past excellent, and shall say so in my report to the War Office.' Hearing this the Volunteer officers present smiled a pleasant smile.

'And now, gentlemen,' continued the President, 'I have a less agreeable duty to perform. I regret to have to tell you that the Prussians are bombarding Brighton at this present moment.

'Really!' said one officer.

'Dear me!' observed another.

'Can anything be done?' asked a young major in a brown busby.

'I fear not,' replied the President; 'you see we have no precedent to act upon. We have no ammunition within a four hours' journey, and we can't feed the Volunteers, as we have no commissariat. I think the best thing we can do is to march the Riflemen to the station (stopping the band playing two hundred yards from the platform), and then get them home.'

'But how about the Prussians?' asked the young major in the brown busby, who seemed to be eager for the fray.

'Well, perhaps we had better send a flag of truce, and see what they want. Who will volunteer to go?'

I immediately stepped forward, and was selected at once as the messenger. I walked back to the beach, smoking a cigar, and supported on either side by a titled Volunteer. To my surprise I found that the Prussians had fired only once—the shell I saw fall myself and damage a bathing machine. I jumped into a boat and was rowed to the London Pride (already surrounded by excursionists who had come down from town to see the Prussian invasion), and upon giving my card was admitted on board. The usual penny steamboat crew were in command of the vessel. Bismarck was standing abaft the funnel smoking in spite of the law prohibiting tobacco in that part of the vessel.

'Well, sir,' said the man of blood and iron, 'what do you want?'

'Peace for Brighton.'

'Well, business is business. You can have it on the following terms: Seven million pounds down, a three years' occupation of the Grand Hotel, and a clear half benefit at the theatre.'

'Will nothing less satisfy you?'

'Nothing.'

'I will take your terms back to those who sent me,' said I. 'Before I go, sir, may I ask, if it is not impertinent, why you fired only one shell at us?'

'Certainly,' replied Bismasck, with a smile, 'shells are very expensive just now.'

'And why you have come to us with a couple of hundred soldiers on two penny steamboats?'

'Because I considered that force sufficient to conquer your Volunteer army in its present disorganised condition.'

'And why?'

* * * *

'Hallo! here you are at last!'

Lawson was standing over me as I lay full length on the beach.

'You are a nice fellow. Why the review has been over for hours and you have been asleep all the time!'

'But how about Bismarck and—'

'Bismarck!—Why you must have been dreaming?'

Evidently I *had* been dreaming. Gentle reader, tell me, has my dream a moral?

ARTHUR À BECKETT.

A MODEL ROMANCE.

'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'let me show you a model.'

'OH, Mr. Ormond, I am so tired of this position. I wish you could let me have a rest. Do—there's a good fellow—please.'

'Wait just five minutes, Polly, till I've done this bit of your head. Don't move—just one minute more. I'm getting it right now, and then we'll knock off for a bit.'

The request was the request of a model; the answer was the answer of a painter. The model reclined, in a half-kneeling attitude, apparently at the foot of a cross. Her clasped hands were uplifted; her eyes were upraised pathetically; her long hair streamed down, flowingly, over neck and shoulders; a loose white sort of shirt clothed her to the waist; below was a reddish-brown skirt, skilfully disposed as 'drapery,' in artful folds. The whole attitude and expression represented—and represented well—imploring agony combined with tender despair. The bare arms were beautifully posed; the eyes gleamed with a sublime splendour.

The painter—my friend Frank Ormond, A.R.A.—is working with quiet excitement at his easel. His figure is tall; he wears the velvet coat of his craft; he—but why describe him? Everybody knows Frank Ormond. Let that pass.

And now, reader, while painter and model (the attitude *was* a trying one) have 'knocked off' work for a little rest, while he lights a pipe, and she, yawningly, stretches her stiff and weary limbs, let us look round us at the delicious litter of a painter's studio.

The house is old, and dates, probably, from Queen Anne's days. It has, no doubt, been the habitation of nobles of that period. You cannot see much of the walls, but look at the doors, at the painted ceiling, at the splendid marble mantelpiece. Look at the deep window-places and tall, thick-sashed windows. It is a house which Hogarth might have used for the residence of Lord Squanderfield.

The studio is a large three-windowed room, cold and bare of aspect. The backs of canvases framed with deal lie about like bits of scenes out of use, and suggest somewhat the *coulisses* of a theatre. A lay figure, with a wooden fixedness of aspect, its head reminding one of a ship's figure-head, sits in a renaissance chair, and wears a thirteenth-century costume. This figure forms the principal still-life object in the room. In one corner reposes the major part of an old suit of armour, the dull and dinted breastplate surmounted, in a rather drunken way, by a rust-red helmet. A bell-hilted rapier, temp. Elizabeth, which, says Frank, *might* have belonged to Raleigh, leans against the wall, and near it is a small sword which suggests the tea-cup times of Anne, the flowing wig and stiff skirts, the figure of Addison, or the brawling Mohocks who stopped Swift's chair. From the open door of a richly-carved dark *armoire* depends a Japanese robe. Plaster casts of feet and hands, busts, masks, and a torso, with the muscles strongly accented by dust, are sprinkled about, and contrast chalkily with the colour of hangings, bits of silk dresses, and a remnant of tapestry. Two old foils, one broken, and both grievously damaged, lie across the arms of a magnificent antique chair, which has a seat of faded crimson velvet, on which rest a Spanish mandolin and one boxing-glove; while a strip of yellow

Chinese silk has slipped down on to the floor. A stuffed monkey, with a perennially diabolical smile upon a swollen visage, balances uneasily upon legs with a padded look about them, while a stuffed owl stares glassily in sullen gravity. The bust of one Roman emperor is crowned with a Vandyke hat, and a white petticoat is supported by two Velasquez boar-spears. A very handsome oak table, with massive legs, is covered with Venetian glasses and Flemish bottles, with 'pots' of various sorts, comprising Gris de Flandres, Satsuma jars, and the blue lange Lizen, or six-mark Japanese ware, while an exquisite little Japanese cabinet is crested by a handful of peacock's feathers. Sketches in charcoal and in oils, copies of world-renowned pictures, studies, unfinished paintings, are strewn about in picturesque and grotesque confusion; and, finally, at one end of the room, with the best light falling full upon it, stands the guillotine-like easel on which rests *the* picture of the hour, the canvas which absorbs all Frank Ormond's thoughts and is freighted with all his ambition, the picture upon which he is now working. And so the happy painter works from year to year—labour, completion, weariness, fruition, recommencement. His whole work and hope are concentrated, for the time, upon the picture with which he remains face to face for many lonely months. It is finished at last, finished just when it must be completed in order to be sent in to the Academy; and then the reaction of lassitude after long tension begins. His work has gone out from him; the painter feels weary of the picture over which he has felt so many fluctuations of depression and delight. It has absorbed so much of himself that he cannot judge it truly; he alternates between confidence and despondency; he sighs half with regret half in relief, as his distracting darling is carried forth from his doors. Then he relaxes the long strain of anxious labour; he amuses himself, and half forgets his art; he works but little, if at all. The picture gets well hung: then comes the private view, with the critics; then the public crowding about the shining rows in the splendid gallery; then follow the favourable notice, the praise of friends, the sneer of 'brother' rivals; then all this passes away, until, after due relaxation, the painter recommences with renewed ardour his work so beautiful and loved. A painter, by the way, has one great advantage over an author—he is sure of his spectators, of his public. If his work be hung in a good exhibition it is sure to be seen by all those whom the painter would wish to see it. An author has to go to his readers; but his spectators always come to a painter.

Meanwhile Frank, twisting his moustache as he gazes on his picture, and now and then throwing in a deft and rapid touch of the brush, is waiting until his model shall have rested in order to go on.

'Bother the skirt!' cries that young person, who, with a view to warming herself, has been dancing about the studio trying a burlesque pas which she had seen on the previous evening at the theatre. 'There, Mr. Ormond, I'm rested now. On we go again!'

The little model interested me, both in her individualism and as a member of a class which furnishes to the artist the materialism of the romantic. I tried to learn something of her history, but I succeeded only sketchily and in a piecemeal manner. Her name was Polly Brown. She was distinctly pretty and piquante. She possessed, among her various merits as a model, very long and beau-

tiful brown hair, which she knew how to dishevel and tumble down far below her waist in a flow of romantic distress. Her eyes, brown also, were large and full of soft fire; and the little monkey had a trick of rendering them plaintive and pathetic in expression, so that she was particularly valuable as a model for young heroines in distress, virgin-martyrs, betrayed beauties, and the like. Her complexion was that of a light brunette; had she lived more in the country her cheeks would, it is probable, have shown a little flush of tender red through the pale, soft olive of her *teint*. She had a nice little nose; the mouth was good, though perhaps a little large, but she knew how to purse it up, and to draw the corners down so as partially to conceal this little defect. The shape of the little half-arch, half-tender face was a fine oval, and the head was remarkably well set on. She was good in profile, but better as a three-quarter face with upturned eyes. Her hands and feet were small, and the figure, though a trifle *petite*, was round and well-shaped. Her manner was always merry, but never boisterous, and the girl had innate tact and taste.

'Yes,' observed Frank, critically, 'she is a first-rate model in her line. It is only when you see a good deal of her that you detect the least little soupçon of vulgarity, which comes, no doubt, from her mother. Do you know I rather like that little suspicion of plebeianism; it shows that her base touches the people. She is good, you know, for historical heroines. She is, in fact, fit for what actors call the juvenile tragedy line of business. Do you remember my Olivia in the Vicar of Wakefield? Well, she sat, and did splendidly, for that. She's always punctual and pleasant to deal with; she's lively and frisky, but never rude, and she's really a good little girl. Out of all the models I know, she's about the best. I like little Polly: if you want to please her you've only got to send her to the play.'

The little model had considerable imitative and dramatic talent, and readily picked up the trick of her trade. She quickly caught a painter's idea, and produced the expression, or caught the attitude, which his purpose required. She had a little feminine voice, almost as exquisitely dainty as Marie Wilton's, and had conquered that difficulty, so great to one of her class, of a good pronunciation.

Polly's mother was housekeeper in a set of chambers. She had been on the stage in her youth, and retained a strong passion for the theatre. Of her father I could learn nothing. Polly herself, in her early girlhood, had been theatrical. She danced as a fairy in pantomimes, and formed one of a child-group of peasants, or what not, as required by the ballet-master; but, to her great disappointment, she never could obtain a 'speaking part.' One winter a severe illness threw her out of her usual employment. When she recovered she found no opening in the theatre, and she was, for a short time, driven to resort to sewing. She was then engaged in the extensive and prosperous outfitting establishment of Messrs. Abednego and Melchisedek; but this miserably-paid drudgery did not long suit Miss Polly. She was unhappy, and grew desperate, or rather determined. Sanguine in her youthful hopefulness, she suddenly discharged herself, and trusted to the chapter of accidents. One day, when very poor, Polly strolled into the Park. Sitting down upon a bench, still and quiet as an Arctic winter night, she thought and thought what she could do, what she should do, to

earn her living. It was early spring; the painters were hard at work for the Academy, and good models were scarce. Frank Ormond happened to be passing by. He wanted a girl-model, and his painter's eye was struck by little Polly's face and figure. He spoke to her, and proposed that she should come and sit to him. Polly consented, and went the next morning to his studio. She had found a new trade, which she rather liked, and which, as she gradually acquired a connection among painters, paid her moderately well. She grew attached to the free and easy Bohemian ways of the studio, and was soon launched as a well-known and popular 'model,' in which capacity, while sitting for Joan of Arc, I first made her acquaintance. Polly, by the way, always had a superstition about the Park, and believed that it was a place which 'brought her good luck.' 'I first met you, Mr. Ormond, in the Park,' she used at times to say, 'and I am sure that some day some great good fortune will happen to me in that dear old Park. I often sit upon that bench where you first saw me. Ah, I was badly off then!'

The life of a model is not without perils and temptations to a young girl; but Polly trod safely her rather dangerous path with a firm, light step. Her innocence was not ignorance; for she saw and heard a great deal, and understood all that she saw or heard. Without protectors or advisers, lonely but self-reliant, the girl walked along the edge of unfenced precipices circumspectly and shrewdly. She was ardent, and perhaps ambitious, but had a certain integrity of will and quiet force of character which held her upright. Very unconsciously, the little lowly thing was a sort of worldly heroine.

Natural character, and the influences of the circumstances which surrounded and moulded it, produced some rather complex contradictions and problems in our model. Seen in some aspects, you would have pronounced her to be a little good-for-nothing; merry and pleasant, indeed, but worthless. Yet you would have judged her wrongly had you based an opinion upon the superficial trivialities which she turned outside. She never made any pretence of goodness; she rather took pains to show her worst side, to appear much worse than she really was. She had naturally a light side to her character, and she emphasized her levity in all that she showed of herself to others. Nor was she, at times, wholly free from passing thrills of temptation; but, like the needle of the compass, which, though it vibrates tremulously yet ultimately points always rightly, she gravitated back infallibly to good. A creature by no means too bright or good for human nature's daily food, there was in her that 'mystic sense of right' which so stirred the enthusiasm of the German philosopher. Exposed to so much danger, sustained by so little help against evil, some unseen power kept this girl always really pure and good. She had, no doubt, a *tendresse* for Frank Ormond, but then her shrewd practical sense showed her that there was, as she termed it, 'no use' in indulging such a feeling; and, taught by the hard lessons of her life, she had learned to repress, to restrain, and to forego.

One morning, when Frank was just finishing his well-known picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, in which Polly, of course, 'sat' for the victim Queen, the young lady, at the conclusion of the sitting, said very quietly:

'You won't want me any more, Mr. Ormond. You've finished

that picture, head and all, now. I'm glad of it; because I shouldn't be able to come to you again.'

'Not come again, Polly—why not? I suppose you are very full of engagements just now; but you mustn't throw me over. I shall want you next for my Dorothea.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr. Ormond, but I shan't ever be able to come again.'

'Not be able to come again—what the deuce do you mean, Polly?' asked Frank, rather pettishly, as he 'relieved' the headsman with a deft touch. 'I suppose you're getting too rich?—no, it can't be that. You *must* come. There's no model at all like you for some of my work. Ah, I see! you've been spooning with some fellow; or in trouble, eh, Miss Poll?'

'No,' replied the young lady, with demure dignity, 'no trouble, thank you, Mr. Frank. The fact is—I can't come, because—because I'm going to be married.'

'Married—whew!' cried the painter, facing round from the easel, and taking his pipe out of his mouth. 'Married, Polly! I never heard about that—who is it? What sort of fellow? A good one, I hope, for your sake.'

'Never mind, Mr. Frank,' responded Miss Polly, composedly. 'Perhaps you'll know some day, but not now. Thank you for all your kindness, Mr. Ormond. You've always been very kind to me, and I—I like you very much. Yes; I'm doing very well, thank you. He is a good fellow—I like him, and I mean that we shall be very happy. But when I am married I can't ever sit again any more, if you please.'

Frank Ormond growled discontentedly. He did not like losing his model, and he felt a vague jealousy of the unknown. There was a sneer in his tone as he said:

'I suppose, Polly, you have caught some old fool, who is taken with a pretty face, and your union will be about as incongruous as woodbine twining round a wooden leg.'

'Think what you like, Mr. Ormond,' said little Polly, calmly. 'I know what you do think; but never mind that. I shall tell you just nothing about it. I only came to-day' (Polly was tying on her bonnet) 'because I knew you wanted me to finish your Lady Jane Grey. That's done now, and I must say good-bye. I'm very grateful to you, Frank, I am, indeed, for all your kindness. I'm sorry to have to give up coming to the studio—I liked the life—but it's all over now. Thank you — six shillings; yes, that's right. My career as a model is ended. Once more—good-bye, Mr. Frank!'

She shook hands cheerily, and then shut the studio door for the last time.

The strange thing was, that the little witch really *had* made a good marriage. She had won the affections of a good man, of position and property. The reticent little monkey never, I believe, told any one about her courtship, or the progress of it; but once, some time after, she betrayed herself so far as smilingly to tell Frank, when she met him in society, that the whole thing began 'in the Park, in that dear old Park; on the old bench—you know;' and this was the alpha and omega of her confession. Many studios were for a time corroded by curiosity; but time had to wear this feeling away without other artificial solacement. Some painters expressed anger at losing their little model; others expressed perplexity at her rise in life; but no one could drop a hint against her fair fame, and,

as she had been generally liked, many good wishes accompanied her change of position.

Like that Mattie, sometime a 'near cousin o' the Laird of Limmerfield's,' and who, when elevated to the position of Mrs. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, 'behaved excellently in her exaltation,' little Polly made a model wife. She had all a woman's pliability, adaptability, and tact; and she soon picked up the style and manners necessary to her new position. She was naturally grateful, and she had a little touch of woman's pride; pride in herself, and pride for her husband. She wished to make her husband happy, and was determined that he should not have to blush for his choice. She set to work, too, to educate herself in her way. Having a strong motive to impel her, and great natural quickness, she soon succeeded in acquiring a respectable veneer of culture; and Frank Ormond, who meets her from time to time, told me that she had developed and improved in an altogether surprising manner. I believe that she succeeded, without apparent effort, in educing from Mr. Frank the respect due to her new position, rather than the familiarity likely to arise from their old relations, and yet she was quite frank, and kind, and natural, with him.

'By Jove!' cried Frank, 'when I took her down to dinner the other day at the Howards', I could hardly believe that the self-possessed, lady-like woman by whom I was sitting had ever been the little monkey that used so often to dance burlesque dances about my studio! But women are wonderful creatures, sir. Their knowledge of the world beats ours. If they were only as good actresses on the stage as they are off it, the dramatic art would be in a fine way.'

Success ripens and improves some natures; and little Polly was decidedly improved by good fortune. She was always pretty, but as I saw her the other day in the Park (looking out, probably not without thoughts, for a certain bench), reclining easily in her carriage, she appeared positively elegant and *distinguée*. She was particularly well-dressed, and had a piquante touch of *grande dame* in her manner.

Does any one who has ever really belonged to Bohemia pass out of it into Philistia, or even into higher regions, without an occasional retrospect of regret, and a backward glance, coupled with a sigh?

Did our Polly, lolling upon her easy carriage cushions, ever look back with a little tinge of sadness to the days in which she used to trudge on foot, through mud and rain, to the stage-door, or to the painter's studio? What does she think when she visits the Royal Academy? how does she feel when she goes to the theatre? Does she ever speculate upon the new model (the golden-haired one) who now sits to Frank Ormond? Does she, as she gazes upon the 'Amaranthine Bowers of Boundless Joy,' recal the feelings of the figurantes who, clothed in sheeny tinsel, float ethereally upon iron supports in the ideal atmosphere of blue and red lights? I do not know: I have no hint which would enable me to solve the problem; but I am assured that she is gratefully happy in her married life; and that, as a wife, she is still a *model*.

H. Schütz-Wilson.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S PLATO.*

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S Plato has at last appeared—a long-expected work, representing the toil and study of many years, its appearance being a memorable event for all Oxonians and all Platonists. In his preface, Professor Jowett, according to his kindly mode, has associated with himself a band of Balliol and other University men, mainly his former pupils, who had worked through various of the dialogues with a special reference to this work. Indeed, according to Mr. Tennyson's manner, we believe that the work has long been circulated in proof, and any hint would be welcomed which would help to secure absolute perfection of form so far as such might be attainable. Whatever help younger scholars may have given him has been only a slight return for the large intellectual benefits which his pupils have confessedly received from him. Mr. Jowett has for years been known as one of the most devoted and successful of college tutors. We remember how Mr. Jowett seemed to establish a kind of Socratic relationship between himself and his pupils. As we turn over the pages of these volumes we recall the time when we ourselves used to frequent the hall of Balliol to hear Mr. Jowett lecture on the 'Republic.' As a rule, the University men of our day used to think lectures a great 'grind.' There were many college lectures, and some courses of public lectures, which were compulsory; and honour men used to grumble, being of the opinion that they could lay out the time to greater advantage with their 'coach,' or in their own rooms. A decided exception was made in favour of the lectures of the professor of Greek. The fast-filling note-books of the honour men attested their opinion that they thought the lectures would 'pay' in the final school for 'greats.' Men also went who thought of 'honours' and drew back, and even pass-men whose interest in the subject was of the most moderate kind, being obliged to attend lectures, would as soon hear Mr. Jowett as any other public professor. Mr. Jowett was an extremely interesting man, with his keen, intellectual face with a gentle expression of martyrdom, and perhaps somewhat cynical manner, a power of saying striking things, and of eliciting, if any man could, the dormant mental energies of young men. It was known, too, that he took a real, unaffected interest in their studies and their progress. If any man wanted enlightenment on the subject of the lectures, it was known how carefully and persistently any difficulty would be explained to him, and the professor would always be at the trouble of examining and correcting the Greek prose of any man who would bring him any. There is no doubt but for many years Professor Jowett has been one of the most living influences of Oxford. He probably also thinks that he will be better appreciated in the course of a century or two than he is at present. On a memorable occasion a man got up at a public meeting in the University, and complained that

* 'The Dialogues of Plato, translated into English; with Analyses and Introductions.' By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

Professor Jowett had 'upset his mind.' There is no doubt but the same sort of thing was said more than once, in a different sort of way; but it would, no doubt, be answered that like Socrates in the Theætetus, he was simply acting the man-midwife's part in bringing souls to the birth. It was something to 'unsettle the mind' if the average undergraduate could be taught that he had a mind to unsettle.

The story is told, either of Dr. Pusey or of the late Mr. Keble, that seeing two undergraduates together in the High, he turned to a friend and said, 'Who will tell me the future of these young men?' The names of the young men were Jowett and Stanley. Their influence has been immense, and it has certainly been exerted by both in the direction of free thought in theology. Mr. Jowett has certainly written many things in his time that would be highly astonishing to the average country clergyman who had not had the advantage of modern lights. The theological question was, however, confused for the undergraduate mind by a practical and personal question. Mr. Jowett, as Greek professor, was 'passing rich on forty pounds a year,' that being the exact amount of professorial income, and its proper increase was mistakenly opposed on the imputation of heterodoxy. This created the strong feeling that an injustice was done him; and when five thousand pounds were presented to him by his admirers, who included many of the most famous men in the kingdom, his refusal to avail himself of this mode of obtaining justice increased the impression of his disinterestedness and moderation. Christ Church, with characteristic munificence, set the question at rest by a satisfactory endowment, but not before many young men, deciding on a side issue and not on the main issue, had registered mental votes in favour of the perfect orthodoxy of the famous Greek professor, or of his heterodoxy, if it pleased the great professor better.

It must be said at once that this is a work of immense power and compass—four thick volumes, averaging six hundred pages each. It would not be too much to say that it is a monument of thoughtfulness and erudition. Dr. Johnson said that Greek was like lace, every one wished to get as much of it as he could. What is true of Greek in general is especially true of the Greek of Plato; and, as we have intimated, let no man think that Plato's works are barren of literary interest to ourselves, and are alien and remote from the intellectual life of our own day. That this is very far from being the case is fully shown by Professor Jowett himself, who ordinarily devotes the concluding part of his discussion of each dialogue to indicating its modern affinities and relations. It may be said to be the characteristic feature of this edition that it brings out the relations of Plato to modern thought.

Let us just glance at the 'Republic,' which Professor Jowett, in common with all the critics, considers the greatest of the works of Plato. He seems to have lavished on this masterpiece his chiefest pains. He commences his Introduction to the Dialogues by proclaiming its praises, his final sentence in the glowing paragraph being, 'And many of the latest thoughts of modern philosophers and statesmen, such as the unity of knowledge, the reign of law, and the equality of the sexes, have been anticipated in a dream by Plato.' It is in the region indicated by this observation that the main interest of the general reader will centre. But unless we are

mistaken, undergraduates will look upon this version as a matchless crib; and young ladies who, like Lady Jane Grey, would like to read Plato, but, unlike her, cannot read it in Greek, may study it in a version which is as like the Greek as like can be. Mr. Jowett's method is to give an abstract or analysis of each Dialogue, a discussion of its subject, and then the translation. Here are some remarks on that story of Er, with which Plato concludes the 'Republic:'

'The verisimilitude which is given to the pilgrimage of a thousand years by the intimation that Ardiaeus had lived a thousand years before; the coincidence of Er coming to life on the twelfth day after he was supposed to have been dead with the seven days which the pilgrims passed in the meadow, and the four days during which they journeyed to the column of light; the precision with which the soul is mentioned who chose the twentieth lot; the passing remarks that there was no definite character among the souls, and that the souls which had chosen ill blamed any one rather than themselves; or that some of the souls drank more than was necessary of the waters of forgetfulness, while Er himself was hindered from drinking; the desire of Odysseus to rest at last, unlike the conception of him in Dante and Tennyson; the feigned ignorance of how Er returned to the body, when the other souls went shooting like stars to their birth, add greatly to the truthfulness of the narrative. They are such touches of nature as the art of Defoe might have introduced when he wished to win credibility for marvels and apparitions.'

A pretty book might be made, giving a collection of the fables and allegories of Plato. The above is an excellent specimen of what one might call 'allusive' criticism. His brief account of the literature of philosophical romances, appended to the 'Republic,' is a good example of literary criticism.

If the 'Republic' is, taken altogether, the most remarkable of the Platonic dialogues, Professor Jowett says the 'Symposium' is the most perfect in form, and may be truly thought to contain more than any commentator has ever dreamed of; or, as Goethe said of one of his own writings, more than the author himself knew. There are some dreadful things said by the interlocutors, which one shudders to hear of, and it requires some tolerance in order to bear with the essentially heathenish character of the dialogue. It is here we find some intimations of Platonic love, about which such an infinite amount of nonsense has been written. He nobly defines love as 'the love of the everlasting possession of the good,' a definition infinitely higher than that which is generally given by the poets and romancists of our day. The soul is always seeking its other self, its mysterious complement. 'I know not any greater blessing to a young man beginning life than a virtuous lover, or to the lover than a beloved youth.' With this may be compared the words of Tennyson—

> 'For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.'

The matchless 'Symposium' has its special interest by the place it occupies in the group of dialogues that speak of the personality of Socrates, that great teacher who never wrote a line but has so largely influenced all the later development of speculative thought.

Something might be said of Mr. Jowett's way of grouping the dialogues, but no two editors will ever exactly come to a *consensus* on the subject. The personality of Socrates is in the earlier dialogues sharply and vividly presented, but the portraiture becomes dim as Plato grew older, and at last the historic Socrates is entirely withdrawn. We go, however, by the vivid descriptions of the more familiar dialogues.

This, however, is not the place to discuss the subject more minutely, or give a *catalogue raisonné* of the dialogues. All readers may enjoy them in their English version, and now that the University of Cambridge will no longer require a knowledge of Greek for its degree in arts it is probably that now more than ever they will be read in versions than in the original. It is not possible that any version will more closely approximate to the meaning and spirit of the original than this one. Professor Jowett has produced a work on which he may justly rest his title to academic and literary fame. We cannot say that we regard the general drift of his career and his teachings without a measure of suspicion and distrust. But his Platonic writings afford the rarest intellectual pleasure, and his version is a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, or at least a possession which will last as long as any remnant of English scholarship survives in any quarter of the globe.

DIARY NOTES.

Had a long talk with a policeman before 'turning in.' Policemen, firemen, railway guards, non-commissioned officers, are great friends of mine. I have a friend, a college don, who is very fond of getting them to lunch with him. They are men whom a sense of responsibility has quickened into earnest life, and who act with self-control, forbearance, and acuteness. Of course there are black sheep among them, but I believe the favourable type predominates. He told me something of the ways of suffering and crime, a little sensational at first, but afterwards replete with a monotonous sadness. He refused my money. 'No, sir; I should be liable to be dismissed, and there are lots of men who would be glad to get my situation.'

I tried the Tower Subway the other day. I don't think I should have done it, only I had been told that there was a lift on either side. There was no lift; it had been abolished as not paying. The fact is that, English people do not understand the lift. Sometimes I find in hotels that it is out of order, or there has been some accident with it. And it is quite conceivable that an accident on a lift may be a very awkward thing. The steps to the subway seemed interminable, and the toil was the same as carrying one's own weight scores of times. The effect was very strange to find yourself in that long tube, with a little wet oozing through the side, and to think that you were below the bed of the river, with vessels of large tonnage overhead. West Enders ought to visit the East End oftener than they do, if only to look at Billingsgate and revive their impression of the Tower. You make for the Tower in going to the Subway. The poor people at the East End are in no respect roughs, and are well described by that good parson who has written the 'The Episodes of an Obscure Life'—none of that hatred of work, impatience of obedience, ignorance of self-restraint, which belongs to the Communist proletarians. They

have their sadness and sufferings, but are the better and not the worse for them.

It is rather absurd to see how Mr. Lowe and Mr. Monsell have been manipulating the postal cards and the stamped wrappers. Both seem growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' For thick supplemented newspapers you require a larger wrapper, and when you want to print on postcards you are glad to find as large a postcard as you can get. The Government may issue smaller sizes if they choose, but having given us a larger size the larger size ought still to be obtainable. I suppose the change is one of the small economies of a great nation. We have all heard of the ambitious clerk who said that his firm saved five hundred a year in ink by not crossing t's and dotting i's. I suppose the Post Office intends to realize this sort of boast.

Probably the best speech of the whole session was delived the other night by Lord Strathnairn on the subject of Army Education. It is no secret that the strategical and tactical education of our officers is at the lowest ebb. The Duke of Cambridge said that in a closely cultivated country there was no room to handle vast masses of troops. Any one who knows the Devonshire moors, Dartmoor and Exmoor, or the New Forest, would think that there were vast spaces of country admirably adapted to this purpose. The unrivalled Sussex downs, which serve so admirably for the Volunteer Review, are seventy miles long, and might exercise the whole British Army. Mr. C. W. Eddy has just issued some valuable pamphlets on the subject of the defences of our shores, to which we shall probably return. We just note one point from personal observation. The whole of the South Coast from the east of Brighton to the east of Bognor, comprising a cluster of watering places for a long shallow shore, where the German gunboats practised in shallows could operate, and where vessels of large draught could not defend, we imagine that in the opinion of those who practise the art of strategy that from a scientific point of view a descent, conducted with speed and favoured with fog, might easily be made on this low shelving shore. Mr. Eddy points out how easily we might have a line of defences against these shores, in great measure by utilizing and extending the present Martello towers and casemaking their seaward side. The first Napoleon had a great respect for these towers, and when one of them was foolishly destroyed some years ago it was found much stronger than one could have imagined. Those acquainted with these shores may easily form an hypothesis of attack, and might be prepared at least with an hypothesis of defence.

Paris.*

The very considerable literature of the war towards the end was fairly concentrated upon Paris. And now that the war has closed, another and sadder chapter of history is opened than any record of the siege itself. Even during the siege the Communist element of Belleville and Monmartre was a matter for contempt and repulsion. As we read the history of the

* 'Diary of the "Besieged Resident" in Paris.' Reprinted from the 'Daily News.' Hurst and Blackett.

'Journal of the Siege of Paris.' By the Hon. Captain Bingham. Smith, Elder & Co.

'La Siège de Paris. Impressions et Souvenirs.' Par Francisque Sarcey. Paris: E. Lacharest.

siege we are better able to understand the present aspect and the future probabilities of Paris. Passing over the writings of daily, weekly and monthly periodicals, we come to two books which give us a full and faithful view of the siege of Paris. At the moment when we write we must still trust to books and papers for a correct knowledge of the capital. English people who have been in the capital or the environs have not ventured to return thither, and English people on the point of visiting Paris have abandoned their intention. So we must fall back upon literature. The 'Diary of a Besieged Resident' which was read with eager pleasure when it appeared in the 'Daily News,' is reprinted with some additions that are extrêmely good, and a caustic preface in which he characteristically depreciates his own performances. The Hon. Captain Bingham's book, with less liveliness of detail, looks at the subject in an historical point of view which the 'Resident' contemplates in a personal and autobiographic mode, while M. Sarcey substantiates the assertions of both with unlooked-for corroborative testimony. We have never seen testimony so unanimous and complete of that low ebb of feeling to which the people of a great city have been degraded.

There is a peculiar cynic flavour about the remarks of the 'Resident.' He delights in telling unpleasant truths, in exposing humbug generally, and in treading upon all sensitive corns. He frankly holds that the present generation of Parisians are the most contemptible race that the world has ever seen. At a very early period of the siege the antecedents of the first French Revolution were shadowed forth. A 'citoyen' suggests that 'those churches which are not required by the National Guard might serve as excellent stables for the oxen, the sheep, and the hogs.' The blind besotted vanity of the people, their belief that Paris is the sacred 'hub' of the universe, their readiness to talk, to shirk, to drink, to laze, to lie, to boast, is unsparingly exposed. No false tenderness makes him spare his own countrymen. He applies to them Heine's remark of the Germans that 'they are born stupid and a bureaucratic education makes them wicked.' It is not every man who could make such grotesque fun out of the tragedy of a siegé. 'All the animals in the Zoological Gardens have been killed except the monkeys; these are kept alive from a vague and Darwinian notion that they are our relatives, or at least the relatives of some of the new members of the government to whom in the matter of beauty nature has not been bountiful. In the cellar of the English embassy there are three sheep. Never did the rich man lust more after the poor man's ewe lamb than I lust after these sheep. I go and look at them frequently, much as a London Arab goes to have a smell at a cookshop. They console me for the absence of my ambassador.' A friend opened a closet for him and disclosed a huge cat. 'I am fattening her up for Christmas-day, we mean to serve her up surrounded with mice, like sausages.' Very amusing is the account of the first leg of mutton which he brought from Versailles into Paris. 'I was mobbed, positively mobbed. "Sir," said one man, "allow me to smell it." With my usual generosity I assented.' Even the bombardment is presented in a grotesque point of view. '"It is better than a vaudeville," said a girl near me at the Trocadero. "You naughty

child," I heard a woman, who was walking before me, say to her daughter, "if you do not behave better I will not take you to see the bombardment."' He would rather be in a bombardment than have to cross Oxford Street. The writer affects to be French in his sympathies, but the Parisians might well have asked to be saved from their friends. All his serious respect is reserved for the Germans. To fabricate German helmets and to forge German letters became a branch of industry. The American ambulance was the best of all, because it allowed ventilation as well as so much cubic space. The American young ladies were popular and careful nurses, and the present writer, knowing much of American society in Paris, can very well believe it. It was a lucky chance which shut up this keen observant writer in Paris, and elicited such a graphic account of the siege. He holds that the war will consolidate peace, but he does not seem to have had the foresight to forecast in the least what might be the interior state of Paris after the siege.

Captain Bingham's book is comparatively dreary reading after the other, but has a solid historical value of its own. 'Being an old inhabitant of Paris, I determined to stand the siege, and observe the conduct of the inhabitants.' Such is his laconic preamble to his book. He tells how at Ferrières 'Count Moltke, who is a silent man, sat in a corner perusing "Little Dorrit."' That part of the book to which we turn with the greatest interest, is his account of the 'men of Belleville.' Most unflattering is that account. The men had no discipline, refused French work, and deserted. 'If we could only write over Belleville *Requiescat in pace.*' That is just now the prayer of all honest men. He denounces the National Guard as neither steady nor trustworthy. It was unfortunate that the better part of Paris should find such an exponent as M. Veuillot of the 'Univers.' He much more distinctly adumbrates the course to be taken by the Reds. We have an ominous mention of a secretary of Fouquier Tinville's, and a new story of that infamous public prosecutor. A poor lady was brought to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. There was no charge or evidence against her. '"But," said Fouquier Tinville, 'her name is Mandat and I demand that she be condemned to death." The logic was found so irresistibly funny by the tribunal, who condemned the poor lady to be guillotined.' He fully exposes the fanfaronades of Belleville, its apathy against the enemy and its agitation.

Many of Captain Bingham's notes are very interesting. It is remarkable how some of the keenest intellects of Paris sympathised with the vulgar vanity and egotism of the populace. M. Edgar Quinet claims a 'moral victory,' and says 'Because France is the light of the world they have sworn to extinguish her.' M. Emile Chasles more practically recommends that the men should wear tallow in their boots. Captain Bingham condemns the French ambulance as having been the worst of all. He greatly praises the amateur surgery of Mr. Louis Wingfield. He greatly praises the generosity of Mr. Richard Wallace, whose pretty place of Bagatelle, inherited from Lord Hertford, has been wrecked. He gives the serious side of the bombardment, as Mr. Labouchere has given the comic side. 'The terrified inhabitants of the bombarded quarters are flying across the Seine, or burying themselves in their

cellars. The merriment occasioned by the first projectiles has disappeared, and the price of five francs given for a tolerable splinter is no longer offered. The left bank of the river is gloomy and anxious, and the streets are assuming a deserted appearance.' So there are two sides of a picture.

M. Sarcey's book has gone through various editions, and will no doubt be naturalized in this country. It is a valuable corroboration of the evidence of the two English writers; it is a wonder that a Frenchman should have the courage of publishing so much solid truth, or that his countrymen should be able to bear with him. He tells us enough of the mendacity, cowardice, vanity and folly, of the Parisians, while he is also indignant against the 'hordes,' 'Huns,' 'barbarians,' who assaulted sacred Paris. M. Sarcey was a journalist, and when bad news came his journal did not dare to publish the bad news. Every fictitious victory was eagerly believed; every real defeat was denied or distorted. The book is very severe on the battalions of Monmartre and Belleville, the cowards who fled at the sound of their own firing, and absolutely refused to work in the trenches. General Thomas, whom they afterwards murdered, was obliged to dismiss a commandant with half his battalion for drunkenness. The honest sailors did well, and so did the Provincial Mobiles, but the National Guards could only drink, swagger, and draw pay, and the *canaille* of Monmartre was the worst of all.

And how shall it all end? We may believe that the irresolute and vacillating conduct of M. Thiers is partly assignable to his conviction that the Commune of Paris had at least one solid cause of complaint. It was monstrous that universal suffrage should bring to the same dead uniformity the keen cultured Parisians, and the ignorant priest-led boors of the country. This is a deadly blow to the leading principle of democracy. We hardly doubt but the *canaille* of Paris will receive a terrible retribution. All other classes in Paris have suffered heavily by the war, the most deserving most of all; and the worst of all, eating, drinking, free from work and care, have escaped with comparative immunity. The vials of vengeance will assuredly be outpoured on them at last. But alas for unhappy Paris! When will she emerge from that wilderness of crime and folly in which she has wandered so long and darkly? When will 'the lady of the kingdom' sit once more as queen, and peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces? When shall there be a regeneration of her chivalry, and honesty, and truth?

'Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's aim, and universal peace
Lie like a line of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the compass of the golden year.'

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

THE FLÂNEUR.

MODERN society, which has been described as 'dancing on the edge of a crater,' is more likely to listen to a serious theme which comes conveyed to it in the guise of gossip than if it were more learnedly and elaborately set forth. This must be my excuse for seeking in these columns to draw attention to a fact which, especially at the present time, seems to be not merely noteworthy but of the very gravest importance. I allude to the growing disfavour exhibited to our monarchical institutions and their representatives, and to the at the same time equally growing desire for a Republican form of government. And at the outset of these remarks let me state broadly that I am neither a pleader nor an apologist, but simply a recorder of facts. My deductions are not derived second-hand from the gossip of clubs or the perusal of newspapers. They are the result of an experience extending over eighteen months amongst what are commonly known as the middle and lower classes of this country. I have listened to pitmen in the north, factory operatives of all kinds in Yorkshire, agriculturists in East Anglia, fishermen and miners in Devon and Cornwall. I have talked to navvies working in their gangs, to long stage coachmen driving their teams in regions beyond railways, to the porter at the tiny station on a but-little-used line, awaiting the advent of the last train. And whenever the subject has been recurred to (and it is astonishing what a favourite one it is with these people) I have always found the same sentiments expressed and pretty nearly in the same words.

The most sensible and the best written journal of the day which circulates solely amongst educated and fashionable people — terms which are by no means synonymous—the other day called the attention of its readers to the existence of a newspaper, which boasts its circulation at 300,000 weekly, and to the extraordinary influence of which I can personally bear testimony. What its teachings are, may readily be gathered from the following extract of a portion of one of its leading articles. 'For more than four years the people of England have endured the horrors of restricted trade, bad wages, limited food, penury, and starvation. All this time the people have been told that the country was prosperous, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to extract the usual amount of plunder in the form of indirect taxation from unhappy consumers, who were not permitted to eat and drink till they had poured some part of their small earnings into the coffers of the Customs or the Excise. With empty cupboards at home, no wages to receive at the end of the week, and no prospect of improvement, the artizan was asked to listen to proposals in a slavish House of Commons to endow a princess with 30,000*l.* and 6,000*l.* a-year for life; and there is a young prince ready to take twice as much because he is of age on the 1st of May next. The thin pretence that a monarchy and a court made it good for trade, has been rudely swept away by a Queen who divides her time

between Osborne, Windsor, and Balmoral. The people have been asking themselves what they get in exchange for all this outlay, and, with the exception of a trial in the Divorce Court, they have no evidence whatever of the application of the funds with which royalty is so amply endowed. At the best, monarchy is supposed to be something exceedingly useful if it does nothing, and allows the Lords and the Commons to have all their own way. At the worst, it is a contrivance in the form of an alliance between all the sections of the blue blood. Aristocracy has its subsidy out of the revenues set aside for royalty, and is pleased with the appointments of lords in waiting and ladies of the bedchamber; whilst the plutocrats of the House of Commons are gratified with an occasional invitation to a garden party at Windsor.'

The same journal, in its descriptive articles, is equally frank and out-spoken; as, for instance, in its account of the Easter Monday Review, in the course of which it says:—

'Prince Arthur, who is by no means a good-looking young man, having the Aztec chin, the heavy jowl, and the unintellectual look of the Guelphs, was attached to Prince Edward's staff—who is a fat and clumsy specimen of Anglo-German royalty. Prince Arthur took his place amongst other staff officers. On the staff of the prince, though temporarily detached during the march past, was his groom, in the flaming scarlet royal livery—said groom, indeed, was quite a feature in the landscape, as he sat on his horse, near the saluting point, and seemed to be critically examining the appearance of the citizen army. Indeed, we should not be surprised to learn that many of the Sussex bumpkins imagined that the gorgeous being in scarlet was the Minister of War himself in a reorganised official uniform. Prince Arthur's advisers should recommend him to temporarily sink the prince when he is a lieutenant on duty, and to dispense with an amount of state which is ridiculous when associated with his position as a subaltern of an infantry regiment in the actual execution of his office.'

It will probably be said that the existence of such feelings as I have described are due to this teaching, but it must be recollected that the seed falls on fruitful soil perfectly prepared for its reception, and that unless the sentiments expressed were in accord with those of the readers, the sale of the journal in question would be seriously diminished. Society can afford to laugh at the composite assemblage of roughs, fools, and pickpockets, with red flags and caps of liberty; but these are not the men by whom anything great in any way is ever done. Society can afford to smile at the Radical utterances of a young gentleman, of noble family, before his constituents, for this is not the kind of teaching likely to prove subversive to the existing state of things. But that there is a lion in the path which we are treading is indubitable, and it behoves every one of us, to the best of his ability, to call attention to the fact.

There are probably very few persons in the world—save editors of periodicals, whose position is very much that of sane persons shut up in a lunatic asylum—who have any notion of the enormous amount of bad verse which is afloat in the world in the shape of MS., and which occasionally finds its way into print. It has more than once happened to me to have been particularly favoured in this respect, and because when called

upon to do so I have, as is my habit, expressed my candid opinion, I have naturally been assailed with the bitterest revilings. On one occasion a friend of mine, highly esteemed by the musical public, who happens to be a Welshman, begged me to sit in judgment on a certain number of poems which were sent in in competition for a prize to be awarded at an approaching Eisteddfod. I at once refused, but at his earnest solicitation was finally induced to consent. I looked through the poems, there were nearly a hundred in number of them; and I wrote honestly to the Committee, that though during a seven years' experience as the editor of a London magazine I had necessarily seen an enormous quantity of bad verse, I had scarcely ever met with any so atrocious as those submitted to me by them, and that I conscientiously advised them to defer the presentation of the prize until the next year, when possibly a better set of competitors might be found. I need scarcely say the result of this candour was that, I was denounced as a blockhead and a scoundrel by every one of the poets, and held up to execration by the newspapers, some in the English language and some in words consisting of a vowel-less complication of consonants which looked extremely awful, but which, happily, I could not understand. Nearly four years have elapsed since then, but I have never since ventured without fear and trembling across the borders of the Principality. Perhaps it may interest some of my Welsh friends to hear that within the last month I have come across a poem which is certainly worse than anything submitted to me by the Eisteddfod Committee. It is called 'Lines on the Marriage of the Princess Louise,' and is so exquisitely bad as to be well worth quoting:—

'The Queen has consented, gives her daughter in marriage,
To the Marquis of Lorne, let us rally around,
And boast, then, with pride, to receive them with honour.
Her fortune to have, *which is due from the Crown.*

'It's our duty to support our Queen and our country,
And the laws that support our Queen, that now reigns,
Show no resentment, bless with contentment,
May the banner of England never be stained.

'May every Englishman's heart be joined with the Scotchman,
And grant him that wish, and good wishes, too,
To receive the Queen's daughter, our Princess Louise,
And now with our heart's rejoice and be true.

'The morning's now come, let us hail it with pride,
The Princess Louise to be, then, his Bride,
May their hearts be mantled with happiness and peace,
Shed health over palace, many blessings increase.'

The occasion of the royal marriage seems to have had a remarkable effect not only upon the poets but upon the prose writers. It is probably a very long time since there has been anything equal to the following specimen of genius culled from the columns of a fashionable contemporary. 'Meanwhile the bridegroom, who had remained immovable with his eyes fixed on the one particular portion of the carved panel before him, having evidently strung up his nerves to bear the investigation of which he felt conscious of being the object, now turned with a look, not to be mistaken, towards the bride, and in another moment it became palpable to all present that every other consideration was at that moment forgotten, and that all embarrassment was at an end. When the Prin-

cess raised her head, after bending her face low upon the cushion during the prayer, her countenance seemed wholly changed, and a beam of gladness had replaced the timid expression it had worn on her entrance into the chapel. The fair bridesmaids were soon after called upon to escort the bride from the chapel, but now leaning upon her husband's arm and treading with firm step and looking up with beaming eyes, no longer nervous and intimidated, but proud and happy in her love as any village maiden.'

On the arrangements for the ceremonial the French and German ambassadors had, by some stroke of genius, been placed side by side. The former was not present, having been summoned to Versailles, but the reporters didn't know this, and some of them favoured us with the profound reflection which the observation of the propinquity had awakened in them. One of them, the reporters, excelled his brethren. He remarked that 'the Duc de Broglie was the observed of all observers; some remembered the noble mind and talents of his father; many more thought of his descent from Madame de Stael, and scrutinised his countenance, perhaps with undue attention, to discern if any trace of her genius could be found therein.' Considering that the Duc was at that moment on his journey between Calais and Versailles, those who at Windsor were enabled to 'scrutinise his countenance' must at least have possessed themselves of that double-million magnifying microscope of which Mr. Samuel Weller speaks so feelingly.

A certain portion of the press and the public, who seem to have their cue, have spoken of the Albert Hall as a success, and have referred to the applause and delight exhibited by the crowd which attended there on the opening day in confirmation of their statement. There is not very much in this. The audience in the hall on the 29th of March went predetermined to be pleased and amused with everything they saw and heard. They cheered Sir Michael Costa to the echo when he dropped the scabbard of his sword, and were equally vociferous in their expressions of goodwill towards that distinguished musician when he calmly took out a pocket-comb and arranged his hair. But there was a large proportion of them who could not hear a single word of the Prince of Wales's address, though it was delivered in a clear, distinct, and manly voice, while the effect of the concerts subsequently given has been sadly marred by the echo which prevails and the general deficiency of acoustic properties. Lieut.-Colonel Scott may be as sarcastic as he pleases about 'dramatic authors' who find fault with his building, and may quote Professor Tyndall or any other professor as witness for the defence; but the fact that the hall is unfitted for general musical purposes is undoubted. To what use is it then to be put? If they could get it for a less rent than they pay at Islington, Messrs. Sanger might come there at Christmas with their gigantic circus and their representation of the siege of whatever town may have happened to have last fallen. Or in order to carry out the idea of its lamented projector in regard to science and art, it might be subdivided into major and minor halls, one of them being fitted up as a kind of Polytechnic, while the other could be appropriated to a set of Christy's Minstrels, who would never perform out of South Kensington.

The 'Pall Mall Gazette' recently published a letter from a

correspondent who feelingly called attention to the state of destitution in which many foreign artists, who have been driven to this country, now find themselves. As was pointed out, the difficulty of their raising themselves from this state consists principally from the fact that the class of whom the average English audience is composed is conventional to the highest degree, and will only pay to see or hear persons of established reputation. This is evident from the fact that the performances at the Charing Cross Theatre are said to have been scarcely remunerative; while another cause arises in the difficulty experienced by any foreigner in even obtaining a hearing in a place like London, where there are so few available localities, and where such enormous rents are asked for the hire of inferior rooms. But surely it would be possible for some of our ladies of fashion to extend the practice, common among some of them, of allowing artists to give concerts, or even dramatic recitations (and for such a cause as this the Managers' Association and Mr. Montagu Williams might for once be merciful), in their private houses? The fact of its being held in the house of a titled person, would make such a performance doubly attractive to the wealthy *parvenu*, and a fund might thus speedily be formed for the relief of the most striking cases. At the same time, one may suggest that the regulations of both club and private society should be somewhat relaxed in favour of the admission of some of our visitors. If such a relaxation conduced a little to their comfort, and made them acquainted with the fact that there are amongst us comparatively few persons with the name and title of Sir Brown; that our wives—despite the genial testimony of the 'Saturday Review'—do not indulge in secret 'grogs;' that we do not eat our meat raw; and that cock-fighting, as an institution, is almost exploded—it will have done some good.

Singularly enough, one of the topics of the month now passing away, was alluded to by Mr. Charles Dickens at the last public dinner, that of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Society, at which he presided. He said, 'I was once present at a social discussion, which originated by chance. The subject was, what was the most absorbing and the longest lived passion in the human breast? What was the passion so powerful that it would almost induce the generous to be mean, the careless to be cautious, the guileless to be deeply designing, the dove to emulate the serpent? A daily editor, of vast experience and great acuteness, who was one of the company, considerably surprised those present by saying, with the greatest confidence, that the passion unquestionably was the passion of getting orders for the play. There had recently been a great and terrible shipwreck, and a very few of the surviving sailors had escaped in an open boat. One of these, a young man, on making land, came straight to London, and straight to the newspaper office, with his verbal account of how he had seen the ship go down before his eyes. That young man had witnessed the most fearful contentions between the powers of fire and water for the destruction of the ship. He had rowed away among the floating dying, and the sinking dead; he had blistered by day, and he had frozen by night, with no shelter and no food. As he told his dismal tale he rolled his haggard eyes around him, and when he had finished it, and it had been noted down from his

lips, he was cheered and refreshed, and asked if anything could be done for him. Even then the vaster passion was so strong within him, that he faintly replied he would like an order for the play. My friend the editor admitted that this certainly was rather a strong case; but he said that during his many years experience, he had constantly witnessed an incredible amount of self-prostration and abasement, having no other object; and that almost invariably on the part of persons who could well afford to pay!

Two managers of London theatres being of the same opinion as the editor above-mentioned, have announced their intention, in somewhat magniloquent language, of giving no more free admissions. This, like most other sweeping measures, seems to me somewhat of a mistake, as it is not the giving away of orders at all which is wrong, but the indiscriminate manner in which they are given away. As at present regulated the 'paper people,' the women with their skimpy red cloaks, bits of wiry feathers or flowers and half-dirty yellow gloves, and the men with a singular combination of long black neckcloth, dress coat, and muddy boots, are recognizable at once. But there are hundreds of people who, if they had free admissions, would come to the theatre nicely dressed, and would give a bright and lively aspect to the house, but who scarcely ever now go to the play simply because they cannot afford the admission-money in addition to the outlay for cabs, &c. It is I conceive right, too, that literary men, journalists, painters, and generally members of what are known as artistic circles should have the *entrée* to a theatre when their gratis presence there does not keep money out of the house. This notion has been publicly recognised by the late Mr. Albert Smith and Mr. Hollingshead, and is tacitly in operation at nearly every house in London. I do not mean to say that as a general rule—with the exception, of course, of professional clacquers, who will never be tolerated in England—that the people who go in with orders are by any means to be relied upon as supporters of the house. Indeed, there is an anecdote told of a gentlemen whose name I bear, and to whom I have, I believe some degree of affinity, who on the occasion of some disturbance at the Adelphi Theatre, then under his management, stepped forward and told the people, that if there were any more hissing *they should have their orders back*, a threat which instantly cowed the boldest among them. But actors will tell you that there is nothing so distressing as having to play to empty benches; and there must frequently be times when even the best patronized houses would be glad of the presence of a few score well-dressed; pleasant-looking people, even though they came in with orders.

EDMUND YATES.

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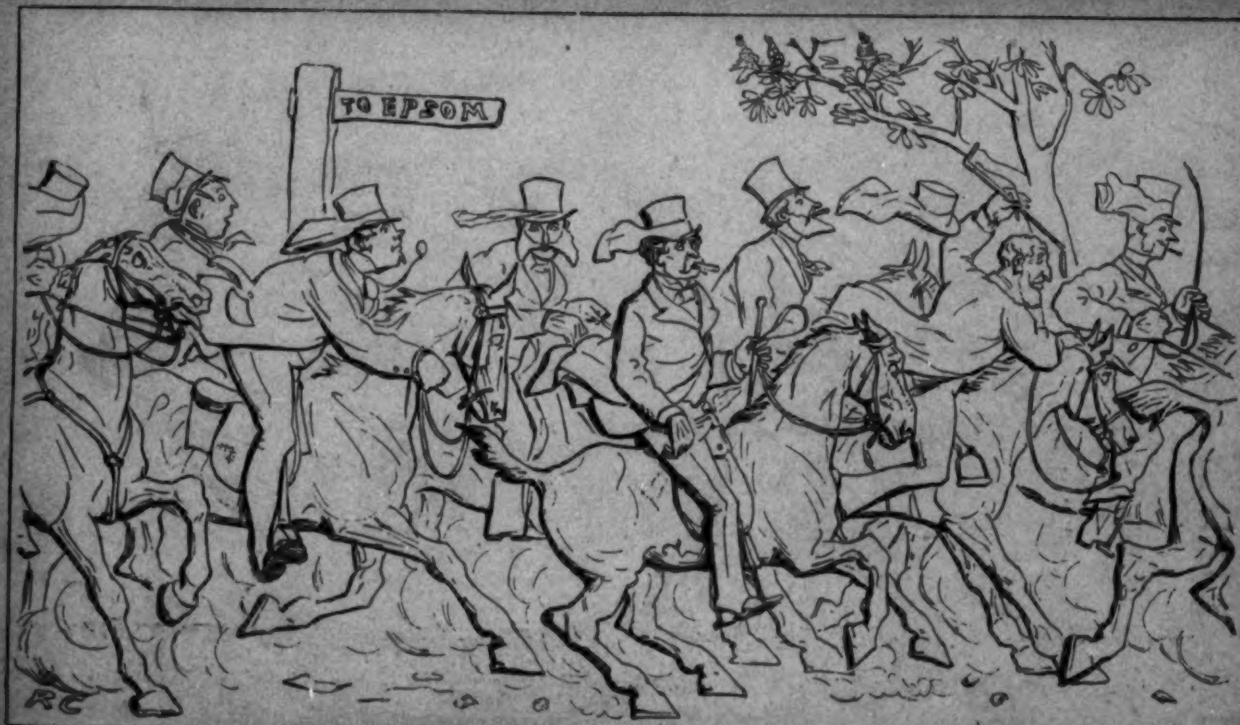

EPSOM MARBLES.

Frontispiece.

LONDON SOCIETY.

JUNE, 1871.

VOL. XIX.—NO. [illegible]